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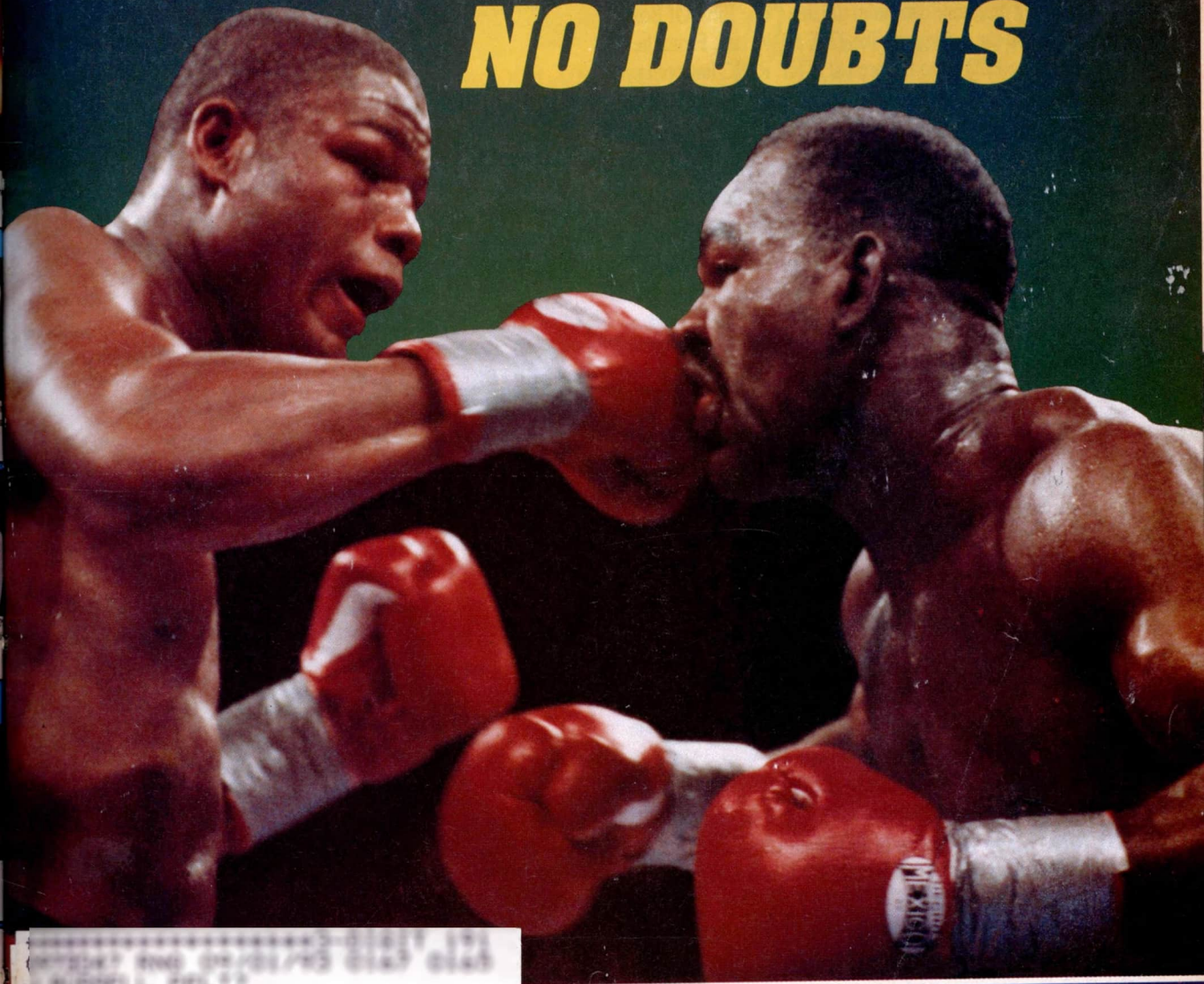

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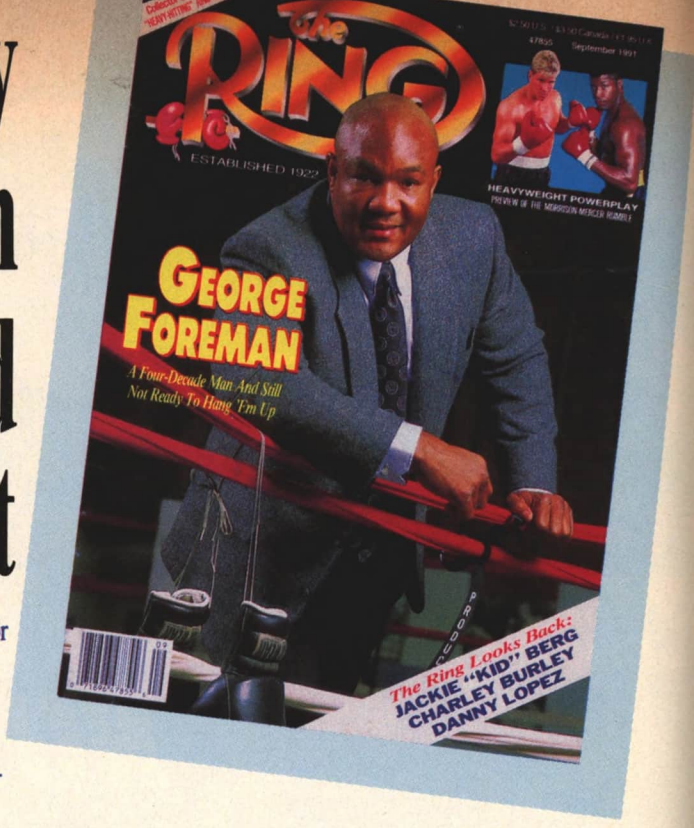

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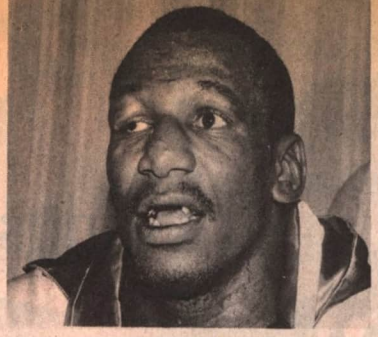

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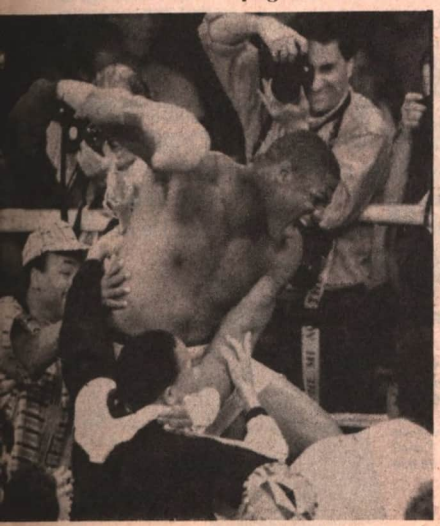

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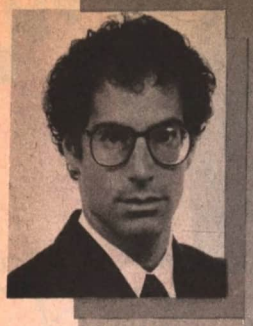

Ringside

I used to think that celebrities came to boxing matches to be seen. But after watching a tape of Riddick Bowe-Evander Holyfield, I decided that maybe, like the rest of us, they simply like to watch a good fight. Replaying the momentous 10th round for about the 23rd time, I noticed Kevin Costner leaping from his seat at the bell and cupping his hands around his mouth. He wanted to shout toward the ring, but he couldn't. It's impossible to shout, you see, when you're grinning from ear to ear.

Random comments on Bowe-Holyfield:

- I won't remind you that I picked Bowe to decision Holyfield if you don't remind me that I picked Razor Ruddock to knock out Lennox Lewis.
- Bowe-Holyfield just missed being a great fight. But it was a very, very good fight, and the Fight of the Year. And if you want to argue that the 10th round made it a classic, well, I won't put up much resistance.
- The most amazing thing about the amazing 10th round was not that Holyfield came back after taking a beating, but that *Bowe* came back after *Holyfield* came back.
- You're only as good as your last fight, which means Bowe and Lewis are very, very good. Does that mean that Lewis has to be considered better than Bowe because his last fight took less time?
- After Bowe defends against Lewis, someone will suggest that the loser reverted to form, and that his smashing victory in the fall of '92 had been an abberation. Which is another way of saying that you're only as good as your last *bad* fight.
- I'm still waiting for Bowe to get tired. And for Al Bernstein to stop talking.
- I don't begrudge Rock Newman's declaration of independence, but he'd be wise to let Bowe do the fistfighting. And more of the talking, too. Bowe is full of personality; the public has only sampled his humor. (Don't judge him by those bad Ali imitations.) Let's hope Rock let's him roll.
- Bowe-George Foreman? You never know, it could turn out to be competitive. But if Big George takes a beating, there will be enough guilty consciences to cast a Woody Allen movie.
- I don't dare suggest that I know Holyfield better than he knows himself, but if Vegas offers a Will/Won't line on "The Real Deal" fighting again, I'll wager a paycheck on Will Fight. Fighters who hint at retirement immediately after a crushing defeat are reacting emotionally. Give Holyfield a month or two. When he begins to miss the thrill of competition, he'll realize that he's still young and able. He'll come back. They all do.

Steve Farhood
Editor-in-Chief

The RING

The Ring Jacket: The pride of our sportswear collection is The Official *Ring* Jacket. This satin jacket features gold striped cuffs and bottom. But the knockout punch comes with a four-color 60,000 stitch embroidered replica of *The Ring* logo located on the back of the jacket. As an added bonus, the logo is also embroidered on the front.
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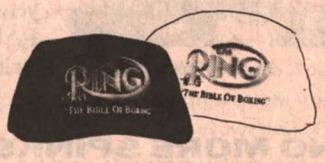

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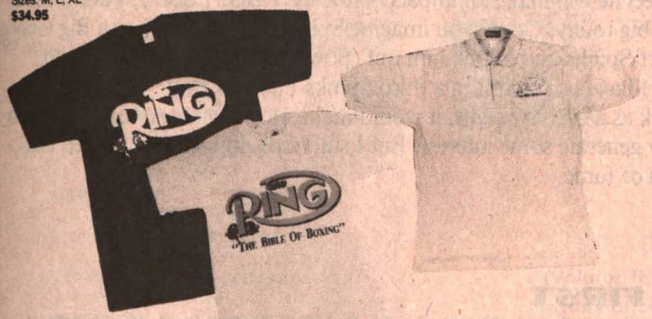

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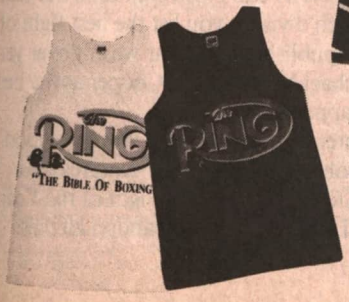

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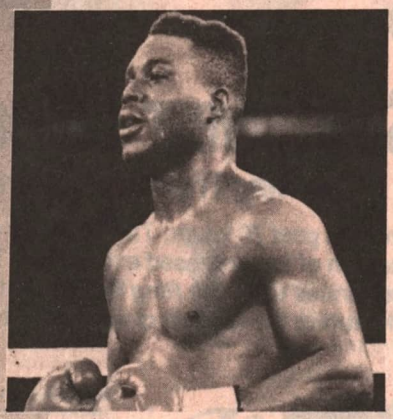

Taylor: Finished at age 26?

IS MELDRICK THROUGH?

Word has it that Lou Duva will go as far as to seek a commission's ruling to keep Meldrick Taylor from fighting again. I find this notion befuddling to say the least, especially considering that Meldrick, who is 26, has jumped three weight divisions and is more the victim of mismanagement than burned out. He was way overmatched for the Terry Norris fight, and for the past two years has been a blown-up lightweight fighting for his life in divisions he did not belong in.

You cannot aim a .22 against a .38 caliber and expect to come out on top. Meldrick needs to regroup and start again at junior welterweight, where I can definitely see him coming back. Don't cry wolf yet, Lou!

PAUL LAZZATI
Baltimore, MD

NO MORE SPINKS

I hope Michael Spinks will reconsider his decision in regard to his comeback. I've been an avid fan for the past 25 years, and, next to Bob Foster, Spinks was the best light heavyweight I've ever seen. At age 36, where does he feel he will make an impact? At heavyweight? Sorry, I don't think so. These fellas are just way too big today. Could you imagine Spinks squaring off with Big George Foreman? Foreman would dwarf Spinks and knock him out. Bowe, Lewis, Ruddock . . . no chance for Spinks. And, please, I have no interest in a third Spinks-Holmes bout.

If Spinks decides to come back as a cruiserweight, it would make more sense. A bout with Bobby Czyz or Thomas Hearns may generate some interest. But I still hope Spinks stays retired and awaits his induction into the hall of fame.

JIM AMATO
Savannah, OH

TURPIN WASN'T FIRST

Referring to Patrick Myler's story on Randy Turpin in the December 1992 issue ("How The World Title Destroyed Randolph Turpin"): His mention of Dick Turpin being the first black boxer to win a British title is questionable. South Africa's Andrew Jeptha was recognized as British welterweight titleholder after knocking out Curley Watson at the Wonderland in London on March 25, 1907. He held the crown until November of that year, when he was dethroned in a return bout.

JACK TREE
Berlin, Germany

Moorer-Cooper: The year's not over

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM

As a subscriber to *The Ring*, I must voice a couple of complaints: First, your annual "State Of The Game" issue (January 1993) is a good one. But there is something that you're overlooking. Why can't you wait until the year is over before you put this issue out? In each division you list the best fight of the year. Guess what. When the issue was published, the year wasn't over yet. In the heavyweight division, you had Michael Moorer-Bert Cooper as the best fight, and Bowe-Holyfield hadn't even happened yet.

Second, every year you decide the Fighter of the Year, and you do a good job of explaining your suggestion. My problem: All the other features have been cancelled. In previous issues of *The Ring*, you gave us Fight of the Year, Upset, Comeback, Round, Progress, and Prospect. Why abandon all these great features?

ERIC MESSINGER
Panorama City, CA ■

Volume 72, No. 3 March 1993

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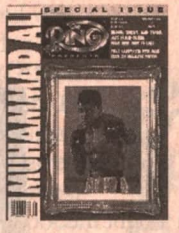

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Round One

CELEBRATING NEW JERSEY

Czyz: Honored in Pompton Lakes

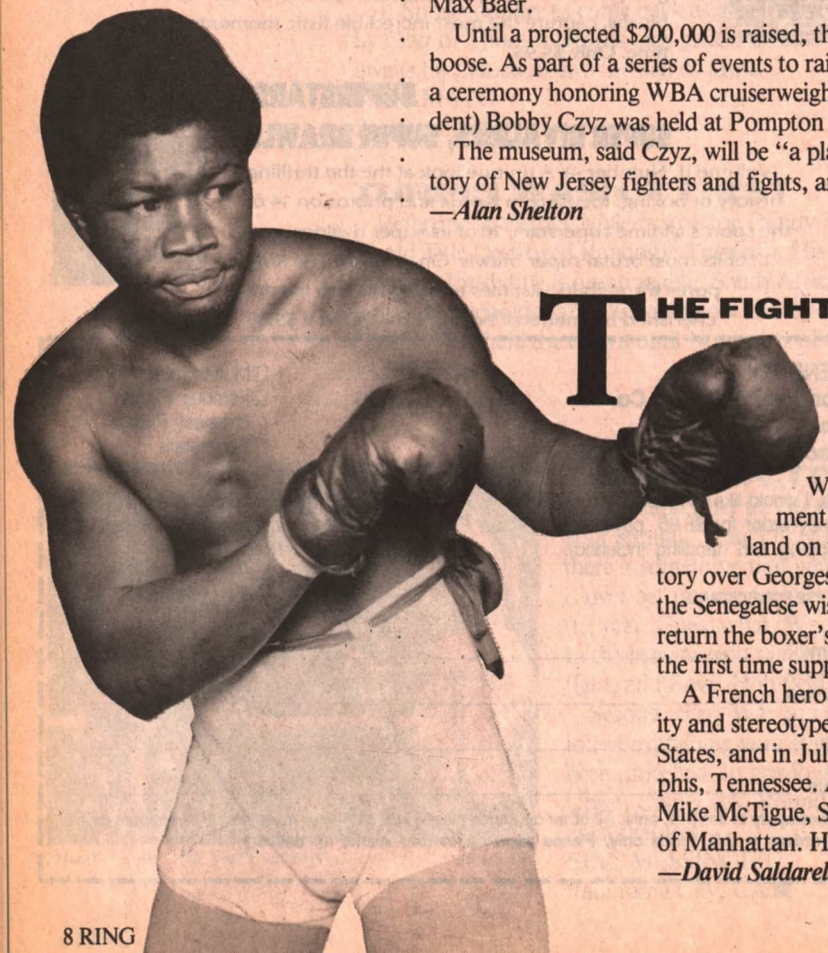
New Jersey has long been a fight mecca, producing such greats as Mickey Walker, Joe Walcott, and Tippy Larkin. In recent years, of course, much of the fight game has been centered in Atlantic City. To record the boxing history of the state, plans are underway to establish a permanent New Jersey Boxing Hall of Fame Museum. The proposed site: the grounds of the old Doc Bier training camp in Pompton Lakes. Until it closed in the '50s, Bier's camp was among the most famous in the world, hosting such champions as Joe Louis, Sugar Ray Robinson, Benny Leonard, Pancho Villa, and Max Baer.

Until a projected $200,000 is raised, the museum will be housed in an old train caboose. As part of a series of events to raise public consciousness about the museum, a ceremony honoring WBA cruiserweight champion (and lifelong New Jersey resident) Bobby Czyz was held at Pompton Lakes in October.

The museum, said Czyz, will be "a place where New Jersey fans can see the history of New Jersey fighters and fights, and a place they can call home."

—Alan Shelton

Siki: The controversy continues



THE FIGHT FOR SIKI

Battling Siki, the first black light heavyweight champion and the first world titlist from Africa, may finally return home, 67 years after his death.

Since Siki's death in 1925, his body has rested in Flushing Cemetery in Queens, New York. The WBC, the African Boxing Union, and the government of Senegal hope to ship Siki's remains to his native land on the 70th anniversary of his title-winning upset victory over Georges Carpentier in 1922. Siki was born a Muslim, and the Senegalese wish to give him a proper Islamic funeral. Efforts to return the boxer's body to his homeland began in 1975. This marks the first time supporters have brought this issue to court.

A French hero of World War I, Siki fought against racial inequality and stereotypes. He boxed throughout Europe and the United States, and in July 1924 married Lilian Warner, a native of Memphis, Tennessee. Almost three years after he had been dethroned by Mike McTigue, Siki was shot to death in the Hell's Kitchen section of Manhattan. He was 28.

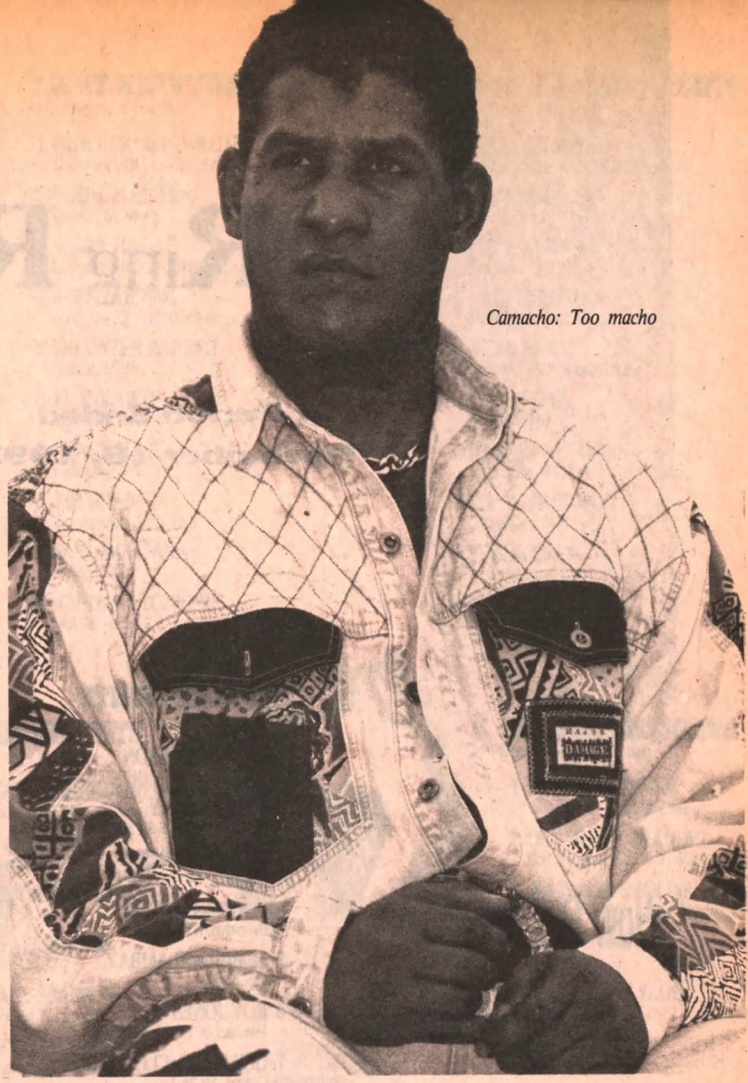
—David Saldarelli

ILL-TIMED MACHISMO

This time, Hector Camacho may have been too macho for his own good. The former two-division champion, who fought courageously in a September points loss to Julio Cesar Chavez, allegedly sparred with two police officers in Miami and ended up at the Dade County Jail.

The incident occurred at the Miami International Airport Hilton Hotel. According to police, Camacho appeared intoxicated and was carrying a small bag of what appeared to be marijuana. When he began screaming, "I am the Macho Man!" police approached him. He ran out of the lobby and into a parking area. After fighting with two officers, he was arrested for possession of marijuana, disorderly intoxication, and three counts of battery on a police officer. He was released on $16,000 bond.

Felix Camacho, Hector's younger brother, told *USA Today*. "I keep telling him, 'If you want to end up like Mike Tyson, leave us alone with your craziness, because you ain't hurting no one but yourself and the family.' Everybody's tried to help him, but if you don't want to help yourself, it's impossible."



Camacho: Too macho

Kim (right) battles Humberto Gonzalez

OUTSIDE THE ROPES

Former light heavyweight champion **Jose Torres** was elected president of the WBO. In the early-'80s, Torres served as chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission . . . It's not only American fighters who make the police blotter. In South Korea, 1988 Olympic gold medalist **Kwang Sun Kim** was arrested for adultery after police found him in a hotel room with a bar hostess. In South Korea, adultery is a crime, punishable by one year in jail. Kim's wife, however, opted to drop charges. And in October, former WBA super middleweight champion **In Chul Baek** was arrested in Seoul for allegedly forcing seven teenage girls into a bar to serve as prostitutes. Baek manages the bar . . .

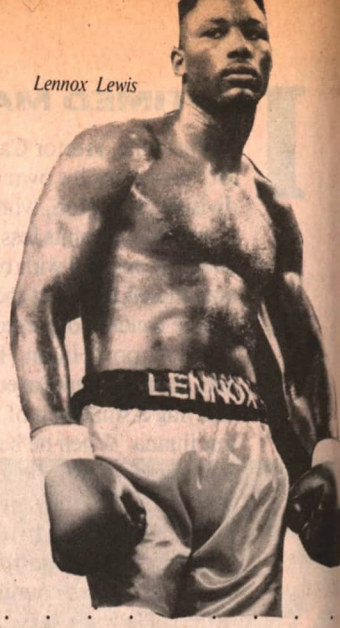
They've Gone Too Far Dept.: In Rhode Island, Good Sports Productions has announced the release of a nine-card set of **Vinny Pazienza** trading cards. One card, entitled "Starting Out," features Paz trading haymakers as a six-year-old. Can a **Harold Brazier** set be far behind? . . . Olympic super heavyweight **Larry Donald** signed with **Steve Nelson**, who also bagged **Oscar De La Hoya**. Donald will be trained by **Janks Morton** . . . In a landmark case, California welterweight **Dio Colome** was awarded $1,235,500 in damages for what a Los Angeles Superior Court ruled were improper procedures when Colome was administered a neurological exam in 1988. After failing the test, Colome was scratched from a semifinal tournament bout at the Great Western Forum.

THE PUNCHLINE

George Foreman's commentary on HBO never fails to confuse us. Before the Lennox Lewis-Razor Ruddock fight, he told Jim Lampley (and the rest of the world): "I believe if Lewis is able to contain himself, and his corner tells him to fight three minutes only every round—most heavyweights throw it away in four or five minutes per round—then they've tired, and vultures like Ruddock, they move in and say, 'I gotcha.' " ■

The Ring Ratings

For Period Ended
November 18, 1992


Lennox Lewis

How Our Ratings Are Compiled

In each division, fighters are ranked according to their abilities and accomplishments.

Being champion does not necessarily mean a fighter will be rated at the top of his weight class.

These ratings reflect how the best fighters in the world rate against one another.

Ratings By *The Ring* Editors
Records Compiled By Eric Armit

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 160 pounds

1 JULIAN JACKSON
Virgin Islands *45-1 (WBC Champ)*

2 JAMES TONEY
Ann Arbor, MI *32-0-2 (IBF Champ)*

3 REGGIE JOHNSON
Houston, TX *32-2-1 (WBA Champ)*

4 MIKE McCALLUM
Brooklyn, NY *43-2-1*

5 SUMBU KALAMBAY
Italy *55-5-1*

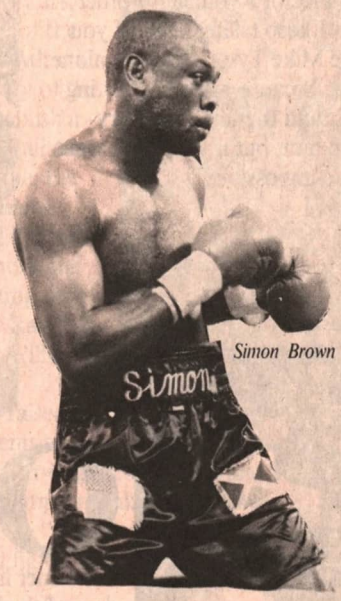
6 ROY JONES
Pensacola, FL *19-0*

7 GERALD McCLELLAN
Detroit, MI *26-2*

8 LAMAR PARKS
Greeneville, SC *22-1*

9 BERNARD HOPKINS
Philadelphia, PA *20-1*

10 THOMAS TATE
Houston, TX *26-2*


Simon Brown

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 154 pounds

1 TERRY NORRIS
Mission Valley, CA *32-3 (WBC Champ)*

2 GIANFRANCO ROSI
Italy *56-3 (IBF Champ)*

3 VINNY PAZIENZA
Cranston, RI *31-5*

4 JOHN DAVID JACKSON
Seattle, WA *27-0*

5 VERNO PHILLIPS
New York, NY *17-5*

6 JULIO CESAR VASQUEZ
Argentina *38-1*

7 GILBERT DELE
France *33-2-1*

8 CARL DANIELS
St. Louis, MO *27-1*

9 AARON DAVIS
Bronx, NY *34-1*

10 SIMON BROWN
Germantown, MD *36-2*

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 126 pounds

1 PAUL HODKINSON
England *21-1-1 (WBC Champ)*

2 MANUEL MEDINA
Mexico *44-3 (IBF Champ)*

3 YUNG KYUN PARK
South Korea *22-1-1 (WBA Champ)*

4 KEVIN KELLEY
Flushing, NY *31-0*

5 JESSE JAMES LEIJA
San Antonio, TX *24-0-1*

6 TOM JOHNSON
Detroit, MI *30-2-1*

7 RUBEN D. PALACIO
Colombia *45-11-2*

8 LUISITO ESPINOSA
Philippines *29-6*

9 COLIN McMILLAN
England *23-2*

10 EVER BELENO
Colombia *23-0*

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 122 pounds

1 WELCOME NCITA
South Africa *31-0 (IBF Champ)*

2 TRACY PATTERSON
Highland, NY *46-2 (WBC Champ)*

3 WILFREDO VASQUEZ
Puerto Rico *34-6-3 (WBA Champ)*

4 DUKE McKENZIE
England *33-3*

5 KENNEDY McKINNEY
Las Vegas, NV *21-0-1*

6 JESSE BENAVIDES
Corpus Christi, TX *35-2-1*

7 JESUS SALUD
San Diego, CA *43-5*

8 RUDY ZAVALA
Rosemead, CA *18-1-1*

9 LUIS MENDOZA
Colombia *33-3-2*

10 JULIO GERVACIO
Puerto Rico *23-3-2*

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 118 pounds

1 ORLANDO CANIZALES
Laredo, TX *33-1-1 (IBF Champ)*

2 ELIECER JULIO
Colombia *22-0 (WBA Champ)*

3 VICTOR RABANALES
Mexico *32-10-2 (WBC Champ)*

4 JUNIOR JONES
Brooklyn, NY *26-0*

5 JOICHIRO TATSUYOSHI
Japan *7-1-1*

6 EDDIE COOK
Las Vegas, NV *18-2*

7 ISRAEL CONTRERAS
Venezuela *35-3-1*

8 JAVIER LEON
Mexico *37-5-2*

9 RAFAEL DEL VALLE
Puerto Rico *13-0*

10 HAROLD MESTRE
Colombia *15-2*

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight Unlimited

1 RIDDICK BOWE
Fort Washington, MD *32-0 (World Champ)*
2 LENNOX LEWIS
England *22-0*
3 EVANDER HOLYFIELD
Atlanta, GA *28-1*
4 MICHAEL MOORER
Detroit, MI *30-0*
5 TONY TUCKER
Beverly Hills, CA *47-1*
6 GEORGE FOREMAN
Marshall, TX *71-3*
7 RAZOR RUDDOCK
Canada *27-4-1*
8 RAY MERCER
Newark, NJ *19-1*
9 TOMMY MORRISON
Merriam, KS *33-1*
10 ALEX STEWART
Safety Harbor, FL *30-4*

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 195 pounds

1 BOBBY CZYZ
Montgomery, NJ *40-5 (WBA Champ)*
2 ANACLET WAMBA
France *37-2 (WBC Champ)*
3 ALFRED COLE
Newark, NJ *21-1 (IBF Champ)*
4 ORLIN NORRIS
Campo, CA *33-3*
5 JAMES WARRING
Miami, FL *14-2*
6 NATE MILLER
Philadelphia, PA *21-3*
7 AKIM TAFER
France *15-3*
8 MARCELO FIGUEROA
Argentina *30-3*
9 ARTHUR WILLIAMS
Las Vegas, NV *17-1-1*
10 ROBERT DANIELS
Miami, FL *21-2-1*

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 175 pounds

1 PRINCE CHARLES WILLIAMS
Mansfield, OH *33-4-2 (IBF Champ)*
2 THOMAS HEARNS
Detroit, MI *50-4-1*
3 VIRGIL HILL
Bismarck, ND *33-1 (WBA Champ)*
4 JEFF HARDING
Australia *22-1 (WBC Champ)*
5 LEEONZER BARBER
Detroit, MI *16-1*
6 FRANK TATE
Houston, TX *31-3*
7 HENRY MASKE
Germany *19-0*
8 TIM HILLIE
Washington, D.C. *15-0*
9 SAUL MONTANA
Mexico *17-2*
10 RANDALL YONKER
Mobile, AL *28-2*

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 168 pounds

1 MICHAEL NUNN
Davenport, IA *38-1 (WBA Champ)*
2 IRAN BARKLEY
Bronx, NY *29-7 (IBF Champ)*
3 CHRIS EUBANK
England *33-0*
4 VICTOR CORDOBA
N. Ireland *18-4-2*
5 NIGEL BENN
England *33-2 (WBC Champ)*
6 TIM LITTLES
Flint, MI *20-0*
7 DARRIN VAN HORN
Lexington, KY *51-3*
8 TONY THORNTON
Glassboro, NJ *29-5-1*
9 FRANK LILES
N. Hollywood, CA *23-1*
10 FRANK NICOTRA
France *30-0*

WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 147 pounds

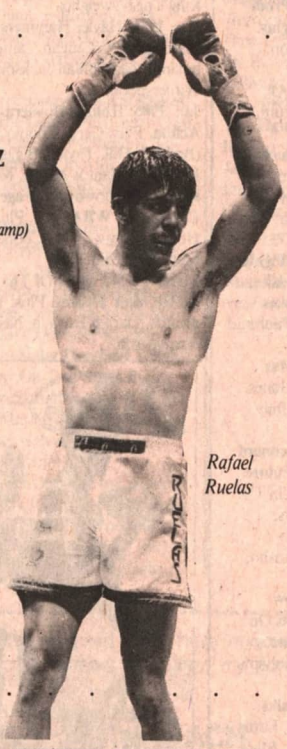
1 BUDDY McGIRT
Hauppauge, NY *57-2-1 (WBC Champ)*
2 CRISANTO ESPANA
N. Ireland *28-0 (WBA Champ)*
3 MAURICE BLOCKER
Germantown, MD *34-2 (IBF Champ)*
4 GENARO LEON
Mexico *41-2-2*
5 YORI BOY CAMPAS
Mexico *43-0*
6 MANNING GALLOWAY
Colombus, OH *48-11-1*
7 GLENWOOD BROWN
Plainfield, NJ *36-4*
8 LUDOVIC PROTO
France *26-0*
9 STEPHAN JOHNSON
Brooklyn, NY *20-4-1*
10 LUIS GARCIA
Venezuela *24-2*

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 140 pounds

1 JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ
Mexico *83-0 (WBC Champ)*
2 PERNELL WHITAKER
Norfolk, VA *30-1 (IBF Champ)*
3 TERRENCE ALLI
Linden, NJ *51-7-2*
4 CHARLES MURRAY
Newark, NJ *26-1*
5 MORRIS EAST
Philippines *15-2 (WBA Champ)*
6 RAFAEL PINEDA
Colombia *28-2*
7 GREG HAUGEN
Henderson, NV *31-4-1*
8 CARLOS GONZALEZ
Mexico *34-0*
9 HECTOR LOPEZ
Tarzana, CA *24-1*
10 KOSTYA TSZYU
Australia *6-0*

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 135 pounds

1 MIGUEL ANGEL GONZALEZ
Mexico *25-0 (WBC Champ)*
2 TONY LOPEZ
Sacramento, CA *41-3-1 (WBA Champ)*
3 FREDDIE PENDLETON
Miami, FL *32-17-4*
4 RAFAEL RUELAS
Arleta, CA *34-1*
5 TRACY SPANN
Plainfield, NJ *27-1-1*
6 JOEY GAMACHE
Lewiston, ME *28-1*
7 DARRYLL TYSON
Washington, D.C. *39-4*
8 SHARMBA MITCHELL
Takoma Park, MD *28-0*
9 JEAN-BAPTISTE MENDY
France *41-4-2*
10 LEAVANDER JOHNSON
Atlantic City, NJ *17-0-1*



Rafael Ruelas

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 130 pounds

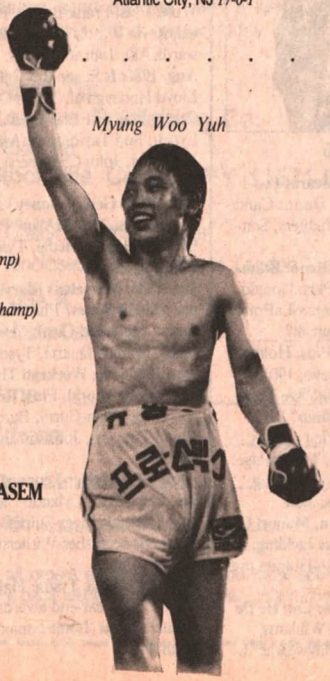
1 AZUMAH NELSON
Ghana *35-2-1 (WBC Champ)*
2 GENARO HERNANDEZ
Los Angeles, CA *26-0 (WBA Champ)*
3 JOHN-JOHN MOLINA
Puerto Rico *27-3 (IBF Champ)*
4 JEFF FENECH
Australia *26-1-1*
5 BERNARD TAYLOR
Knoxville, TN *44-2-2*
6 GABE RUELAS
Arleta, CA *33-1*
7 CALVIN GROVE
Philadelphia, PA *41-5*
8 REGILIO TUUR
Whitestone, NY *30-2-1*
9 YUJI WATANABE
Japan *10-0*
10 RENATO CORNETT
Australia *21-1-1*

JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 115 pounds

1 SUNG KIL MOON
South Korea *18-1 (WBC Champ)*
2 ROBERT QUIROGA
San Antonio, TX *20-0 (IBF Champ)*
3 KATSUYA ONIZUKA
Japan *19-0 (WBA Champ)*
4 THALERNGSAK SITHBAOBAY
Thailand *38-3*
5 ARMANDO CASTRO
Mexico *47-8-1*
6 VINCENZO BELCASTRO
Italy *22-5-3*
7 JOHNNY BREDAHL
Denmark *15-0*
8 MARCO ANTONIO BARRERA
Mexico *21-0*
9 GREG RICHARDSON
Youngstown, OH *29-5*
0 NANA KONADU
Ghana *25-2-1*

FLYWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 112 pounds

1 YURI ARBACHAKOV
Japan *14-0 (WBC Champ)*
2 RODOLFO BLANCO
Colombia *26-6-1 (IBF Champ)*
3 AQUILES GUZMAN
Venezuela *11-5-2 (WBA Champ)*
4 DAVE McAULEY
Ireland *18-3-2*
5 SCOTTY OLSON
Las Vegas, NV *23-0*
6 YONG KANG KIM
South Korea *25-4*
7 MUANGCHAI KITTIKASEM
Thailand *18-2*
8 YSAIAS ZAMUDIO
Blythe, CA *31-3-1*
9 ALBERTO JIMENEZ
Mexico *21-2-1*
10 SALVATORE FANNI
Italy *22-1-1*



Myung Woo Yuh

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 108 pounds

1 HIROKI IOKA
Japan *21-2-1 (WBA Champ)*
2 MICHAEL CARBAJAL
Phoenix, AZ *25-0 (IBF Champ)*
3 HUMBERTO GONZALEZ
Mexico *34-1 (WBC Champ)*
4 MYUNG WOO YUH
South Korea *36-1*
5 MELCHOR COB CASTRO
Mexico *34-3-3*
6 LEON SALAZAR
Panama *15-3-1*
7 JOSE DeJESUS
Puerto Rico *26-2-1*
8 ROBINSON CUESTA
Panama *22-0*
9 DOMINGO SOSA
Dominican Republic *17-1*
10 SHIRO YAHIRO
Japan *15-0-1*

POUND FOR POUND
Boxing's 10 Best Fighters, Pound For Pound

1 JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ
Junior Welterweight
2 PERNELL WHITAKER
Junior Welterweight
3 TERRY NORRIS
Junior Middleweight
4 ORLANDO CANIZALES
Bantamweight
5 BUDDY McGIRT
Welterweight
6 RIDDICK BOWE
Heavyweight
7 AZUMAH NELSON
Junior Lightweight
8 JULIAN JACKSON
Middleweight
9 SUNG KIL MOON
Junior Bantamweight
10 JAMES TONEY
Middleweight

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Nov. 1983: Gerrie Coetzee: The New Heavyweight Champ Sets His Sights On Holmes. Plus: Alexis Arguello, Murray Sutherland, James J. Braddock, Muhammad Ali.

Feb. 1984: Don King Talks And Talks And Talks. Plus: Leonard's return, Eddie Mustafa Muhammad, 1983 quotes, Marvin Hagler, Johnny Bratton, Gerald Hayes, Hagler-Duran color.

March 1984: Fighter Of The Year: Marvelous Marvin Hagler. Plus: *The Ring's* annual awards, 1983 fight calender, Carl Williams, Jung-Koo Chang, Chandler-Ruiz (color).

April 1984: Sugar Ray Leonard: "I'm Gonna Be Better Than Ever!" Plus: *Ring's* ratings of 8,000 fighters, Henry Armstrong, Don Lee, Koji Kobayashi, Mancini-Chacon (color).

June 1984: Bumphus, Lockridge, Duva: 'That Championship Year.' Plus: Ferdie Pacheco, Harry Arroyo, Holmes-Coetzee preview, Pipino Cuevas, Aaron Pryor, Battling Nelson-Joe Gans, Witherspoon-Page.

July 1984: Bazooka's Aim Is True: Gomez Shoots Down LaPorte In The Battle For San Juan. Plus: Michael Spinks, Vinny Pazienza, Tyrone Crawley, Leonard's comback, Chandler-Sandoval, Hagler-Roldan.

Aug. 1984: *Ring* Olympic Special. Plus: Mark Breland, Sugar Ray Leonard, Frank Bruno, Bramble-Mancini (color), Hatcher-Bumphus (color).

Sept. 1984: The Scramble For Bramble: Livingstone's Wrapped Up In Being A Champion. Plus: Hearns-Duran, Rosario-Davis, Aaron Pryor, Eusebio Pedroza.

Oct. 1984: The Beast From The East: John Mugabi Strikes Terror Into The Hearts Of Men. Plus: Olympics, Bill Costello, Davey Moore, Wilfred Benitez, King's heavyweights.

Dec. 1984: Hagler Hammers Hamsho. Plus: Barry McGuigan, James Broad, boxing's best, Julian Jackson, Thomas-Witherspoon.

Jan. 1985: Holmes-Bonecrusher Color Action. Plus: Gerry Cooney, pro debuts (Breland, Hill, Taylor, Biggs, Whitaker, Holyfield), Santos-Medal, Meza-Garza.

Feb. 1985: Showdown: Page Clobbers Coetzee For WBA Title. Plus: Larry Holmes, lightweights, Cooney-Chaplin, McCallum-Minchillo.

March 1985: Fighter Of The Year: Thomas 'Hit Man' Hearns. Plus: Year-end awards, Darrell-Estrada, Nelson-Gomez, Arroyo-Alli.

APRIL 1985

April 1985: Special Hagler-Hearns Program. Plus: British fighters, Hector Camacho, Donald Curry, British fighters, Sonny Liston.

May 1985: The Rematch In Reno: Bramble-Mancini Color Action. Plus: Donald Curry, Aaron Pryor, McGuigan-LaPorte.

June 1985: Holmes' Last Hurrah? Holmes-Bey Color Action. Plus: Holmes vs. all-time greats, Paul-Arroyo, 1901.

July 1985: Marvelous Marvin! Are There Any More Mountains To Climb? Plus: Hagler-Hearns, 10 greatest first rounds, Tyson (2-0) rates the heavys, Tubbs-Page.

Aug. 1985: Seven Elected To The Ring Hall Of Fame (Jose Napoles, Jake LaMotta, Panama Al Brown, Manuel Ortiz, Young Stribling, Thomas Jackling, Lord Lonsdale). Plus: Spinks-Holmes preview, Barry McGuigan.

Sept. 1985: Barry McGuigan: Can He Be Boxing's Savior? Plus: Carl Williams, Thomas-Weaver, Chavez-Mayweather I.

Oct. 1985: The "Macho Man" Rides Again. Plus: Dwight Muhammad Qawi, Camacho-Ramirez, Berbick-Green, Jeff Fenech, John E. Garcia, McCallum-Braxton.

Nov. 1985: Will Hagler Feast On The Beast? Plus: Hagler-Mugabi & Hearns-Shuler previews, Lonnie Smith, Pintor-Meza, Chuck Hull, Benitez-Moley.

Dec. 1985: Michael Spinks: Against All Odds. Plus: Curry-McCrory preview, McGuigan-Taylor, Alexis Arguello, Michael Olajide, Chavez-Pratchett.

Jan. 1986: In Search Of A Heavyweight Champion. Plus: Azumah Nelson, Arguello-Jefferson, Olympic update, Chicago boxing.

Feb. 1986: Mike Tyson: The Legacy Of Cus D'Amato. Plus: Rocky IV, Curry-McCrory, Teddy Mann, Kenny Lane.

March 1986: Co-Fighters Of The Year: Marvelous Marvin Hagler & Donald Curry. Plus: Special year-end awards, 1985 boxing diary, annual ratings, Evander Holyfield, Fenech-Coffee.

April 1986: Witherspoon Tames Tubbs For WBA Title. Plus: Dream fights, Greg Haugen, Tyrell Biggs, Mark Breland, Paul Gonzales, HBO tourney, Witherspoon-Tubbs, Frank Warren, Gene Tunney.

May 1986: Marvelous Marvin Tames The Beast. Plus: Hearns-Shuler, Mike Tyson, Bramble-Crawley, Sandoval-Canizales, Marvin Johnson, McGuigan-Cabrera, Arguello-Costello, Weaver-Williams.

June 1986: Barry's Back In The USA: McGuigan Breathes A Breath Of Fresh Air Into American Fight Scene. Plus: Bobby Czyz, Robbie Sims, Qawi-Holyfield preview, Berbick-Thomas, Bruno-Coetzee.

July 1986: Spinks-Holmes II: Who Really Won? Plus: Frank Bruno, Richie Sandoval, Kevin Watts, Tyson-Tillis, Boza-Edwards-Alli, Johnson-Burns.

Aug. 1986: Is Sugar Ray Still Sweet? Plus: Lloyd Honeyghan, Tyson-Green, Cooney-Gregg, Hall of Fame (Eder Jofre, Benny Lynch, Bud Taylor, Sam McVey, Nat Langham, John Chambers), Bernardo Pinango.

Sept. 1986: Gerry Cooney vs. Mike Tyson: Who Would Win? Plus: Cruz-McGuigan, Hearns-Medal, Tyson-Gross, Sims-Duran.

Oct. 1986: Marvelous Marvin: Can Anyone Fill His Shoes? Plus: Tim Witherspoon, Holyfield-Qawi, Panama's champions, Frankie Duarte, Tyson-Frazier.

Dec. 1986: The Weekend That Shook Up The Boxing World. Plus: Rosario-Bramble, Honeyghan-Curry, Butch Lewis, Buster Drayton, Johnson-Emebe, Raging Bull II.

April 1987: Hagler-Leonard Souvenir Issue. Plus: Czyz, Orlando Canizales, Mugabi-Thomas, Biggs-Snipes, Chavez-LaPorte, Bonecrusher-Witherspoon II, Haugen-Paul.

May 1987: Mike Tyson: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Year-end awards, *The Ring* annual ratings, Louie Espinoza, Herol Graham.

June 1987: Vinny Paz: Phenom Or Phony? Plus: Tyson-Bonecrusher, Mark Breland, Brian Mitchell, Evander Holyfield, Czyz-Edwards, Olajide-Lee, Curry-Montgomery.

July 1987: Spinks-Cooney: The Fight That Refused To Die. Plus: The new *Ring* ratings, Terry Marsh, George Foreman's return, Khaosai Galaxy, Hearns-Andries, Whitaker-Mayweather.

Aug. 1987: Sugar Ray: Still In Style. Plus: Leonard-Hagler, all-time heavyweight ratings, Czyz-MacDonald, Camacho-Davis.

Sept. 1987: Michael Olajide: The Look Of The Future? Plus: Tyson-Thomas, Jeff Fenech, middleweight muddle, Tsuyoshi Hamada, Juan Roldan, Harold Knight.

Oct. 1987: Special Hall Of Fame Issue: Ali Elected Unanimously! Plus: Hall of Fame directory, Spinks-Cooney, Pazienza-Haugen II, Aaron Pryor.

Nov. 1987: Tyson Wins Heavyweight Triple-Crown. Plus: Triple-crown champs, Matthew Hilton, Carlos Monzon interview, McCallum-Curry.

Dec. 1987: Spinks & Lewis: Boxing's Beastie Boys. Plus: Starling-Breland, Ramzi Hassan, Honeyghan-Hatcher, Holyfield-Ocasio.

Jan. 1988: Darrin Van Horn—Million Dollar Baby? Plus: Evander Holyfield, Hill-Stewart, Juan Coggi, great hookers, AIDS.

Feb. 1988: Gold Outshines Glitter: Tate Tops Olajide. Plus: Tyson-Biggs, Kalambay-Barkley, Hearns-Roldan, fights we'd like to see.

March 1988: Thomas "Hit Man" Hearns: "Now I Own History." Plus: Chavez-Rosario, Roger Mayweather, Rocky Lockridge, bleeders, Bruno-Bugner, Fenech-Zarate, Tony Burton.

April 1988: Evander Holyfield: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Special year-end awards, Holyfield-Qawi II, Foreman-Sekorski, Hill-Angulo.

May 1988: George Foreman: "I Can Beat Tyson." Plus: Tyson-Holmes, Jesse Benavides, Showtime, no-knockout artists.

June 1988: Sugar Ray Robinson Still The Sweetest! Plus: All-time middleweight ratings, Larry Holmes, Louie Lomeli, McGirt-Warren II, Haugen-Pazienza II.

Aug. 1988: Julio Cesar Chavez: The Kid From Culiacan. Plus: Holyfield, bad decisions, Lockridge-Knight, Starling-Breland II, Brown-Trice, Haugen-Santana.

Sept. 1988: Sugar Ray: Here He Comes Again! Plus: Andries-Czyz, Kid Chocolate, Don Dunphy, Don Lalonde, Andries-Czyz.

Oct. 1988: Mike Tyson: What Price Glory? Plus: Tyson-Spinks, Hearns-Barkley, Davey Moore.

Nov. 1988: Donny Lalonde: "Sugar Ray is Out Of His Mind!" Plus: Hall of Fame selections (Carlos Ortiz, Joe Brown, Billy Graham, Cus D'Amato, Jimmy Jacobs), Nunn-Tate, Molinares-Starling, Honeyghan-Chung, '88 Olympians.

Jan. 1989: Meldrick Taylor: Philly Phenom. Plus: Marvin Hagler, Alex Wallau, Taylor-McGirt, Olympic results.

Feb. 1989: Julio Cesar Chavez. Plus: Chavez-Ramirez, all-time lightweight ratings, Louie Espinoza, Simon Brown, Roger Mayweather.

MARCH 1989

March 1989: Hearns Next For Sugar Ray? Plus: Leonard-Lalonde, Prince Charles Williams, Hearns-Kinchen, Nunn-Roldan, Hines-Hilton.

May 1989: The Best Of '88. Plus: Year-end awards, Evander Holyfield, Pryor-Morales, Fenech-Navarro.

Jan. 1990: Boxing's Bible Reborn At Age 68. Plus: George Foreman (color), Mike Tyson, Carlos Monzon, Duran-Leonard III, LaMotta-Dauthuille.

Feb. 1990: Riddick Bowe/Ray Mercer Target . . . Tyson: Plus: The Olympians as pros (color), Bobby Czyz, Gerry Cooney, Wepner-Liston, Bobo Olson.

March 1990: The '80s—Great Fights, Great Fighters (color). Plus: Jeff Harding, Evander Holyfield, Pete Rademacher, Sharkey-McCoy.

April 1990: Pernell Whitaker—*The Ring* Fighter Of The Year (color). Plus: Chavez-Taylor preview, Leonard-Duran III, Tiger Flowers, Muhammad Ali.

June 1990: Buster! How James Douglas Shocked The World. Plus: Michael Moorer, Camacho-Paez, Tommy Farr, Excuses, Dick Tiger, Ruben Olivares-Jeff Chandler.

July 1990: "I'm Hungrier Than Ever Before!" By Evander Holyfield. Plus: Muhammad Ali painting, Ali-Liston II, New York welters, Michael Carbajal, Jorge Paez, Kid Gavilan.

Aug. 1990: His Greatness Confirmed . . . Is Julio Cesar Chavez The Greatest Mexican Fighter Ever? Plus: Matthew Saad Muhammad, Sullivan & Tyson, Michael Nunn, Mark Breland, Harold Johnson, Louis-Godoy (color).

Sept. 1990: Marvin Hagler—Can He Resist The Irresistible Temptation? Plus: Thomas Hearns, Sanchez-Saddler, Paul Banke, puncher vs. chin, Beau Jack, Robinson-LaMotta (color).

Oct. 1990: Thanks For The Memories: Rocky Graziano, 1922-1990. Plus: Aaron Pryor, Mike Tyson, Napoles-Leonard, A Gathering Of Champions (color).

Nov. 1990: Tyson vs. Foreman: Can Iron Mike Stop The Blast From The Past? Plus: Marciano-LaStarza, boxing's best chins, Azumah Nelson, Sullivan-Kilrain (color).

Dec. 1990: Our Exclusive Annual Report: The State Of The Game. Plus: Joe Grim, Douglas-Holyfield preview, Marciano-Frazier, Douglas-Tyson (color).

Jan. 1991: Boxing's Baddest Bad Boy: Nigel Benn Plays By His Own Rules. Plus: Roberto Duran, Kid Akeem, Jose Napoles, Jimmy Carruthers, LaMotta-Zale, Dempsey-Willard (color).

Feb. 1991: Boxing On TV: Now You'll Pay. Plus: Ismael Laguna, Tommy Morrison, Humberto Gonzalez, Harold Green, Joe Louis, heavyweight *Ring* covers (color).

March 1991: Hunger! It Made Evander A Champ. Plus: Charles Murray, Billy Bird, Khaosai Galaxy, Armstrong-Duran, computer flyweight tournament, Sonny Liston (color).

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May 1991: Ali-Frazier I: 20 Years Later, Still The Fight Of The Century. Plus: Hometown heroes, George Costner, Galindez-Saad Muhammad, Tony Canzoneri, computer featherweight tournament, Ali-Frazier pinup.

June 1991: Pain, Frustration, Confidence, And Hope: Meldrick Taylor's Life After Chavez. Plus: Holyfield-Foreman preview, Norris-Leonard, Freddie Steele, computer lightweight tournament, Tiger-Hearns, Sugar Ray Leonard (color).

July 1991: Tyson's Title Hopes: He Ain't What He Used To Be . . . But It's Not Gonna Matter. Plus: Eusebio Pedroza, Myung Woo Yuh, Willie Meehan, Hearns-Hill preview, computer junior welterweight tournament, Gomez-Fenech, controversial heavyweight finishes (color).

Aug. 1991: Fat, Funny, And Forty-Two, But Certainly No Fraud: Foreman Gives Holyfield A Fight . . . And The World A Thrill. Plus: Harry Greb, Louis-Conn I, making weight, computer welterweight tournament, Dempsey-Marciano, Holyfield-Foreman (color).

Oct. 1991: A Hit Again—How Far Can Thomas Hearns Go? Plus: Battling Levinsky, Oba Carr, Dave McAuley, Muhammad Ali, Lou Ambers, Luther McCarty, ethnic matchups, computer light heavy tournament, Cerdan-Hagler, Rocky Marciano (color).

Nov. 1991: Mike Tyson's Fight For Greatness: Will November 8 Be His Moment? Plus: Edwin Rosario, Jeff Fenech-Azumah Nelson, Overrated and Underrated, Giardello-Graham, Lennox Lewis, Marcel Cerdan, Muhammad Ali (color).

Dec. 1991: Evander Holyfield vs. Mike Tyson: Who Will Win And Why. Plus: Eddie Aliano, Jack Britton, Muhammad Ali, Pernell Whitaker, Rating the 44 World Champions, Marcel Cerdan, Henry Cooper, Ezzard Charles-Jersey Joe Walcott (color).

Jan. 1992: Our Exclusive Annual Report: The State Of The Game. Plus: Jerry Quarry, Julio Cesar Chavez, Mysterious Billy Smith, Joey Gamache, moving up in weight, Billy Conn-Michael Spinks, Joe Louis (color).

March 1992: Turning Heads—Ray Mercer Makes His Statement To The Heavyweights. Plus: Lou Nova, 1980 Olympic team, boxing cards, Rodrigo Valdes, *Ring's* New Year's wish, Joe Louis-Muhammad Ali, Jack Dempsey (color).

April 1992: Is Evander Holyfield Tough Enough To Stay On Top? Plus: Buddy McGirt, George Foreman, Toney-McCallum, referees, Marvin Hart, Al Hostak, Eusebio Pedroza-Salvador Sanchez, Ketchel-Johnson (color).

May 1992: Fighter Of The Year: James Toney. Plus: Roy Jones, Rocky Graziano, longest title reigns, Myung Woo Huh & Khaosai Galaxy, James Warring, Billy Soose, Duran-Chavez, Marvin Hagler (color).

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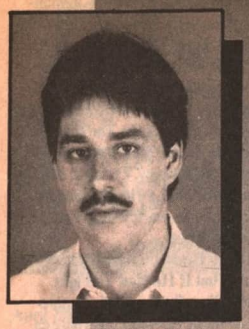


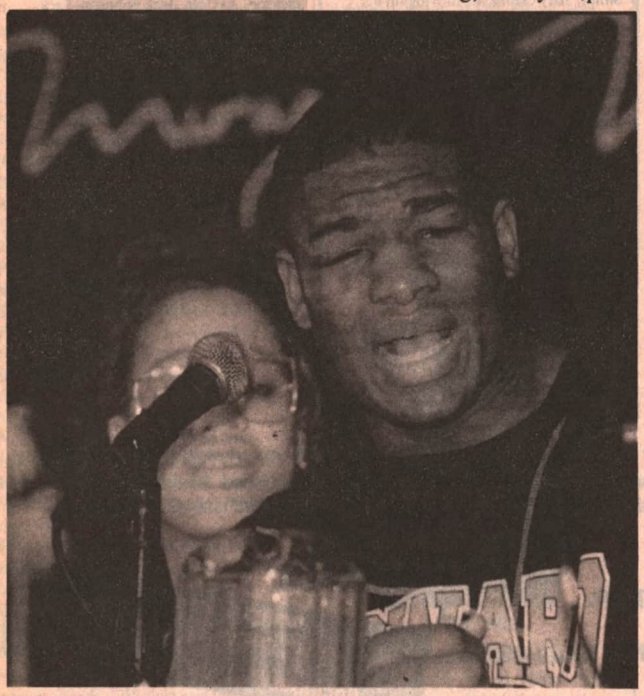
Ryan Out Loud

By Jeff Ryan

THE BOWE AGENDA

Conventional thinking was that only in a building that is home to the UNLV Runnin' (from the NCAA) Rebels basketball team, could boxing walk in, set up its house of ill repute for a night, and actually bring more honor to the place than it had before the fight game's carnival of carnivores had arrived. Then the bell for Bowe-Holyfield rang, and such thinking flopped face-first on the big Budweiser logo in ring center, taking a 10-count, and remaining out cold for the next 36 minutes.

Bowe and Holyfield fought without the sticky fingers of the sanctioning bodies trying to fingerpaint on their canvas, without the taint of a premature stoppage, suspicious scoring, or any eruption of corruption. Blood, sweat, and no fears. A knockdown. A get-up. A fight-back. Good jabs. Great chins. Holyfield nailed to Bowe's cross. Bowe tomahawked by an Atlanta brave. For once, boxing could have played *anyplace*—from Buckingham Palace to the White House Rose Garden—and done the venue proud.



The irreverent and unpredictable heavyweight king is just as likely to inspire laughter as anger.

That some are calling it a "great" battle, however, says a lot about the superfight famine that has left boxing enthusiasts feeling like beggars lined up outside the alphabet soup kitchen in the hope of catching any scraps thrown their way. It was a *very good* fight, not a great one. There were too many uneventful rounds, including a 12th that was a bigger letdown than the part of the celebrity introductions that included Eva Gabor and Otis Nixon.

Sure, Bowe-Holyfield is the Fight of the Year, and round 10 was surely the Round of the Year. In time, though, expect those 12 rounds to be remembered less as a classic war and more as the beginning of a reign that will be as unique as that of Mike Tyson, the last guy who started out as a Brooklyn dodger fleeing the bullets in Brownsville, then grew up to become one of The Boys of Autumn by winning boxing's ultimate prize as the leaves were falling in November.

As the heavyweight division goes, Bowe goes boxing, uh, *so* goes boxing. Here's what to expect:

● **That's entertainment:** Eddie Futch, Bowe's trainer, says that the new titlist is three years away from being "fully developed." Whether or not Bowe has tapped more than 75 percent of his talent is yet to be determined, but what is certain is that he hasn't yet tapped more than 25 percent of his off-the-wall personality. On the disappointment scale, that's akin to Madonna undraping only 25 percent of her body.

Because Evander Holyfield is such a wonderful person, everyone feels bad about mentioning that he was a drab *personality*. The truth is, the guy wasn't just white bread, he was white bread croutons. A morsel of color here, and a crumb of levity there. Bowe is french toast served with bacon, coffee, juice, and the morning paper.

Jay Leno and Arsenio Hall would be wise to keep the champ's home phone number in their bulging wallets. If you haven't seen Bowe's Stevie Wonder, Muhammad Ali, or Ronald Reagan imitations, heard his tongue-in-cheek (I think) plans for his title reign, or listened to him relive his days as a class clown, get ready for some fun. Let's just hope that his manager, Rock Newman, relinquishes the microphone long enough to let Bowe's sense of humor get a running start.

● **If it doesn't walk like a duck, and it doesn't . . .** Questions remain about Bowe, and a win against his Olympic conqueror, Lennox Lewis, is hardly a given. But because Bowe is 6'5", 235 pounds, and strong of chin and punch, he will not have to be maneuvered gingerly. Expect his ducking to be done in the ring, not at the negotiating table.

Bowe *will* fight Lewis; his hesitation stems from his hope of squeezing in a high-pay, low-risk defense against George Foreman first, and possibly stalling long enough to get a larger purse or a guarantee that a Lewis bout will be staged in Las Vegas, and not on the challenger's home turf of Wembley Stadium. A Foreman bout will be a mere working vacation before he rolls up the sleeves of his sweatshirt and willingly gets down to the more serious business of Lewis, Michael Moorer, and Tommy Morrison.

Suddenly a major player, Newman seems determined to wield his power.

● **There, he isn't Mr. America:** One of the greatest ironies of Holyfield's reign is this: The man few considered to be a true heavyweight sported perhaps the finest physique of any heavyweight king in history. Bowe's body doesn't remind anyone of a Roman gladiator's, and he weighed a reported 283 when he started training for Holyfield. Pity the poor horses that would have pulled his chariot.

Bowe showed excellent stamina against Holyfield, however, so maybe our heavyweight king doesn't have to be able to train in chest-deep water, master every hi-tech muscle machine, and know how to ballet dance. Bowe will make love handles and big big men fashionable again.

It's not as scary as it sounds. He won't return us to the era of chubs, flubs, and Tubbs, a time when all the "heavyweight title" bouts seemed to blend into one long bad fight that I can only remember as Berbick vs. Witherspoon vs. Thomas vs. Tubbs vs. Smith vs. Page vs. Tucker. Bowe *will* signal a return to the basics of speedbags and five-mile runs, turning all those training techniques "of the future" into things of the past. Futch in the corner and power in the right hand are worth a lot more than bodybuilders in the camp and protein powder on the training table.

As far as boxers are concerned, those Nautilus and Cybex machines can be packed in a cardboard box in the sports world's dusty attic, alongside the Statue of Liberty play and the two-handed set shot.

● **Controversy:** And plenty. Three possible sources for it are 1) Newman (see section below), 2) the fact that Bowe and Newman, anti-drug crusaders, maintain a close and very visible friendship with Marion Barry, who was videotaped smoking crack while mayor of Washington, D.C., and 3) Bowe's natural ability to rankle. Between rounds 11 and 12, he strolled around the ring and motioned for the belt to be fastened around his waist. After the fight, he called Lewis a "faggot," and said of his own wife, Judy, "Isn't she pretty—pretty ugly?"

● **Rock "The Boat" Newman:** Watch an arrogant Newman climb the apron and pull Elijah Tillery over the ropes, and you fantasize about Lewis or Moorer turning The Rock into a pebble during a postfight melee. But listen to a determined Newman tell everyone from Don King to the WBA, WBC, and IBF to scram, and you want to build an altar to him. For a change, the bad guys are between Rock and a hard place.

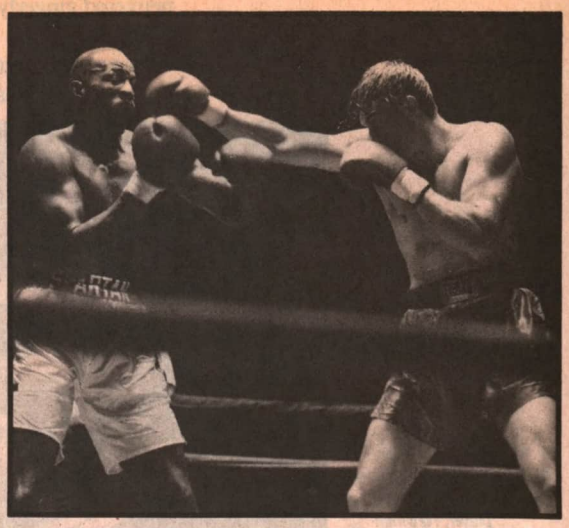
"I think that there has to be change, and there's no [better] place to effect that change than from the perch of the heavyweight champion," says Newman, now the most powerful man in the game. When the WBC threatened to strip Bowe if he didn't negotiate with Lewis within 30 days of winning the crown, The Rock countered, "I'll be damned if I'm gonna let Bowe be dictated to by some little fiefdom down in Mexico." He has indicated that Bowe will relinquish the titles before he will acquiesce to any demands that Team Bowe deems excessive.

Many managers have done the talkin', but not the walkin'. Newman already has my vote for Manager of the Year. If, over the next 48 months, his wielding of the power helps cripple the unholy trinity of ruling bodies, by the time '96 rolls around, he might have my vote for President. ■

New Faces

Alexandre Zolkin

Heavyweight



Zolkin pounds Art Tucker

By Steve Farhood

If you're still not convinced that the Cold War is really over, a ringside seat at the Ohio Center will provide ample evidence. On fight night in Columbus, Russian heavyweight Alexandre Zolkin enters the ring to the strains of the Ohio State University fight song, "Across The Field." Talk about culture shock.

"Buster Douglas would have been an offensive player, maybe a tight end," says manager John Johnson, who was an OSU assistant coach under the legendary Woody Hayes. "Alexandre would definitely be a linebacker."

In Columbus, Johnson, who managed Douglas to the heavyweight title, and the rest of the boxing community discuss the former champion in the past tense. The future has been reserved for Zolkin, who is 13-0 (9), and rated 25th by the WBC.

The heavyweight, who lives in Westerville, Ohio, with his wife Anna and 22-month-old son Victor, has begun to adapt to life in America's heartland. The Johnsons are helping; John's daughter conducts daily English lessons, and the manager's wife bowls with Anna. Then there are Saturday afternoons at the OSU home games, which qualify as a spiritual experience. (We presume Johnson has explained to Zolkin that it's purely coincidence that the Buckeyes' team color is red.)

It is in the squared circle, however, that Zolkin feels most at home. The 28-year-old southpaw is a physical specimen; he stands 6'5", weighs 230 perfectly distributed pounds, and runs five miles in 30 minutes. There's one other thing that helps: He can fight.

"When I spar with guys," says veteran cruiser/heavyweight James Pritchard, "I like to make them lay their hearts out there, and then I take it from them. He's laid his heart out there a couple of times, but whenever I reach to take it, he snatches it back."

"I'm more excited about this boy than I was about my nephew," says J.D. McCauley, Zolkin's trainer, and Buster Douglas' uncle.

In October, Zolkin demonstrated his progress against the fighter every heavyweight prospect must beat, former contender James "Quick" Tillis. McCauley is trying to rid Zolkin of the typically cautious, stand-up European style, and he's succeeding. Zolkin attacked behind a strong jab, and willingly traded on the inside. He set a pace that sapped the 33-year-old Tillis of his energy, and by the ninth and 10th rounds, Quick was unashamedly applying bear-hugs and headlocks.

"He holds," said Zolkin, who triumphed by unanimous 10-round decision, "but I win."

"He's a strong boy; he fights coming forward," was Tillis' eagerly awaited assessment. "That boy, he can fight all the kids in the top 10 in a year or so."

The timetable sounds about right; Zolkin's debut on the international stage should come after four or five more bouts—if Johnson and McCauley can temper their enthusiasm for that long.

(Continued on page 71)

PRO RECORD

	1990	
May 10	Charlton Hollis, Miami	KO 6
May 26	Wayne Miller, Nassau, Bahamas	KO 6
July 11	Roby Robinson, Mississauga, Ontario	KO 1
Sept. 1	Ernie Barr, Nassau	W 6
	1991	
April 17	Jesse Boston, Toronto	W 4
May 31	Rick Spain, Shediak, New Brunswick	KO 4
Oct. 3	George Harris, Columbus, OH	KO 1
Dec. 12	Jim Holly, Columbus	KO 2
	1992	
Feb. 8	James Davis, Columbus	KO 1
April 10	Rickey Parkey, Columbus	KO 10
June 12	Dave Jaco, Columbus	W 10
Aug. 1	Art Tucker, Columbus	KO 8
Oct. 8	James Tillis, Columbus	W 10

RECORD:	FIGHTS	WON	LOST	DREW	KO
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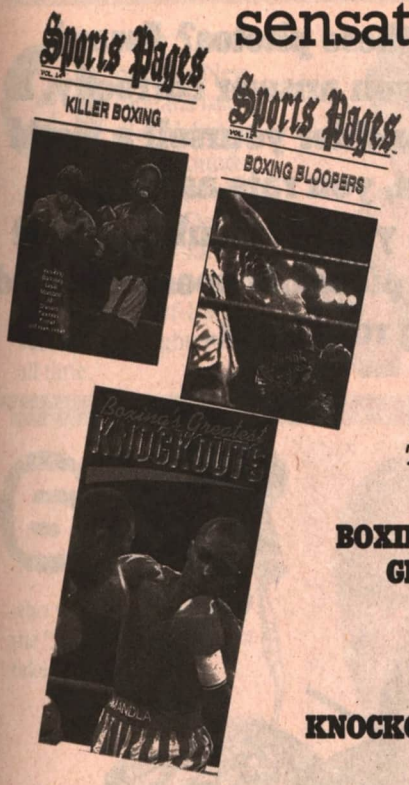

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PHOTO QUIZ Test

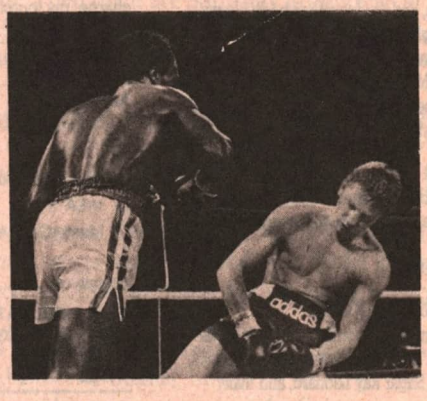
Can you identify the fighters in these photos? Award yourself 10 points for each question you answer correctly. If you score a total of 90-100 points, consider yourself a world champion. If you score 70-80 points, you rate as a top-10 contender. If you score 50-60 points, you're a clubfighter at best. Less than 50 points? Eat another piece of cheesecake and forget about that morning roadwork.

1

Don King hasn't always had the electric socket hair. This photo was taken at the beginning of King's promotional career. Name the heavyweight who seems thrilled to be in DK's company. Hint: One of King's first fighters, he kayoed Ernie Terrell in one round.

2

If you think Sugar Ray Leonard lacked one-punch kayo power, you missed his 1980 title defense against this overmatched victim, who fell in round four.



3

The fighter on the left was a world champion in the early-'80s. His hard-luck opponent failed in no less than four title tries.

Your Boxing IQ

4 In 1975, this popular New Orleans middleweight lasted 10 rounds in a world title fight vs. Carlos Monzon. Despite that result, we think it's safe to conclude that he was the best half-Italian, half-Chinese fighter of all-time.

5 Brother, what a pair! These siblings from Canada were hot, exciting fighters in the late-'80s—one of them won a world title—before fading away.

6 Give yourself bonus points if you can identify this Cuban heavyweight, who was a contender in the '50s. This photo was taken in 1983.

7 Some fighters learned the game the hard way, like these two former world champions, seen together at a July 1982 press conference. Hint: At the time of the photo, one was a reigning champion, and the other had been dethroned one month before.

8 Let's go back a few years. You can't compile an all-time pound-for-pound top 10 without including these champions, who clashed in August 1943. The fighter on the right won on points, and captured his first world title three years later.

9 At first glance, doesn't it look like this former world champion is ready to go bowling? A little help: He's rated first by both the WBA and WBC at 140 pounds.

10 No excuses if you can't get this one. The guy on the left only throws punches on film. His buddy, who retired about six years ago, won a handful of world titles.

ANSWERS:

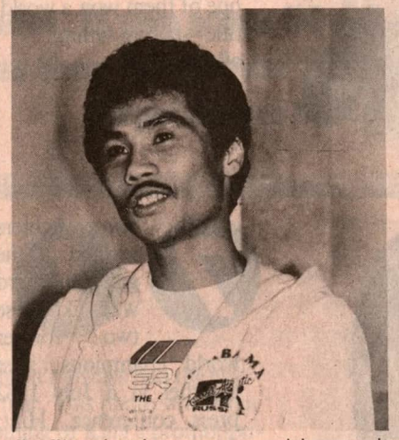
1) Jeff Merritt; 2) Dave "Boy" Green; 3) Juan LaPorte & Ruben Castillo; 4) Tony Licata; 5) Davey & Matthew Hilton; 6) Nino Valdes; 7) Larry Holmes & Saoul Mamby; 8) Henry Armstrong & Sugar Ray Robinson; 9) Juan Coggi; 10) Clint Eastwood & Alexis Arguello

The Best Of A Nation

THIS MONTH: JAPAN

1. Fighting Harada
2. Kuniaki Shibata
3. Yoko Gushiken
4. Jiro Watanabe
5. Masao Ohba
6. Hiroshi Kobayashi
7. Koichi Wajima
8. Hiroyuki Ebihara
9. Ishimatsu Suzuki
10. Yoshio Shirai

By Joe Koizumi



Jiro Watanabe (above) was a rugged boxer-puncher. Another left-hander, Yoko Gushiken (right), ranks with the greatest junior flyweights in the division's history.

Fighting Harada was a sensational fighting machine. He was tremendously aggressive, very durable, and surprisingly quick. He won the flyweight title at age 19, and in 1964, dethroned previously unbeaten bantamweight king Eder Jofre. He should have won the featherweight title, too, but despite scoring three knockdowns, was denied in his challenge of Johnny Famechon. A ring phenomenon, he retired at age 26.

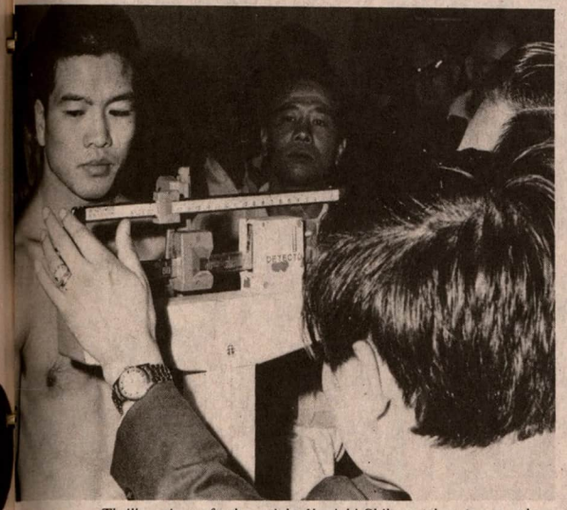
● **Kuniaki Shibata** was a three-time world champion with a big punch and a vulnerable chin. He shocked the boxing world by stopping dominant featherweight champion Vicente Saldivar in 1970, and later added two versions of the junior lightweight title. He was a thrilling fighter.

● **Yoko Gushiken** made 13 successful defenses of the WBA junior flyweight title. The southpaw was an exciting boxer-puncher who was called "Kammuriwashi" (fierce eagle). He won the world title in just his ninth pro bout and reigned for 4½ years. His only defeat, a title-losing fight to Pedro Flores (in 1981), was the last bout of his career. He retired at age 25.

● **Jiro Watanabe** was a clever left-handed counterpuncher who was an accomplished all-around athlete. He began boxing only after graduating from Ottemon University and won the WBA junior bantamweight crown in his 16th pro bout. He subsequently added the WBC crown and made a total of 10 successful defenses before losing to Gilberto Roman. Among the best technicians in Japanese boxing history.

● **Masao Ohba** was the reigning WBA flyweight champion when, in January 1973, he was killed in a car accident at age 23. A tall, stylish speedster, he depended on sharp combinations rather than power. Among the most popular Japanese boxers of all-time, he retained the title five times before his tragic death.

Who was the best British fighter of all-time? The best Mexican? The best Japanese? The debate will rage forever. In an attempt to fuel the fire, or at least offer some perspective, *The Ring* has asked several of its correspondents to compile their personal top-10 lists.



Thrill-a-minute featherweight Kuniaki Shibata (above) was a three-time world champion. Fighting Harada (above right vs. flyweight king Pone Kingpetch) was Japan's most accomplished fighter.

Stringbean flyweight Yoshio Shirai, eluding Dado Marino's right hand, was Japan's first world champion.

● **Hiroshi Kobayashi** almost never scored a knockout, but improved dramatically over the course of his career, and developed into a fine ring technician. He won the world junior lightweight title by stopping countryman Yoshiaki Numata, and made six successful defenses. His last fight was a kayo defeat to a rising contender named Roberto Duran. Currently manages boxers.

● **Koichi Wajima** learned to box at age 25 while working as a manual laborer. A crouching pressure fighter who confused most of his foes, he won the world junior middleweight title three times in the early- and mid-'70s. Now works as a boxing commentator on television.

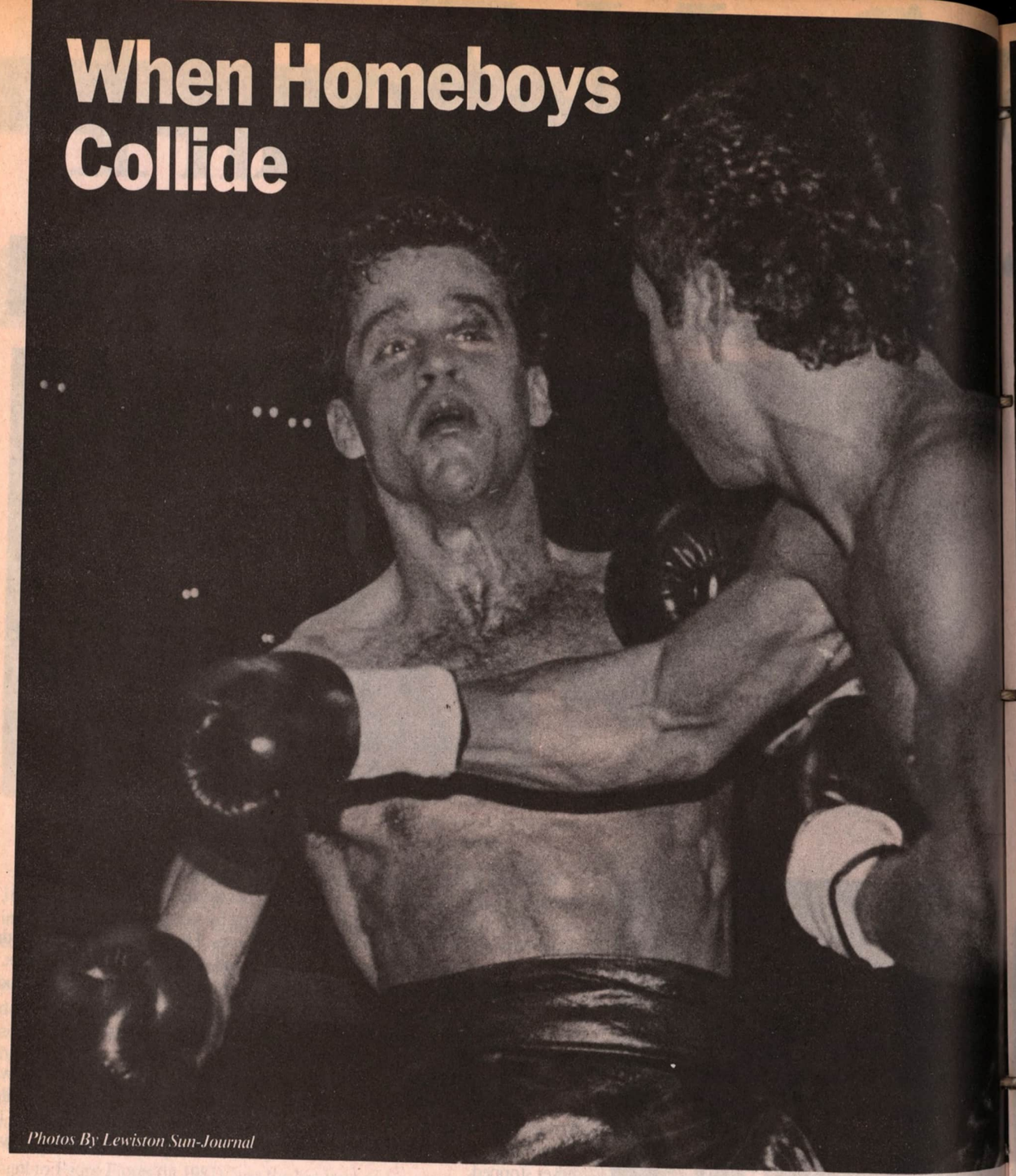
● **Hiroyuki Ebihara** was seemingly appreciated only in Japan. He twice won the flyweight title (in 1963 and 1969), but because of his brittle left hand, failed to make any successful defenses. His punch was called "kamisori" (razor). The skinny counterpuncher managed to score 34 kayos. He lost five times, but was never stopped.

● **Ishimatsu Suzuki** lost often in the early stages of his career, and was defeated in his first two tries for the lightweight title (in Panama to Ismael Laguna and Roberto Duran). In 1974, however, "Guts" shocked the boxing fraternity by stopping WBC 135-pound king Rodolfo Gonzalez in eight rounds. The happy-go-lucky fighter made five successful defenses, including a points win over Ken Buchanan, before losing to Esteban DeJesus. Now works as a popular TV and movie actor.

● **Yoshio Shirai** was the first world champion produced by Japan. The tall, lanky flyweight was handled by an American scholar, Alvin R. Cahn, and in 1952, won the crown by dethroning Dado Marino. He made four successful defenses before losing to the great Pascual Perez. At age 69, he continues to attend most Japanese world title fights, either as a spectator or TV commentator.

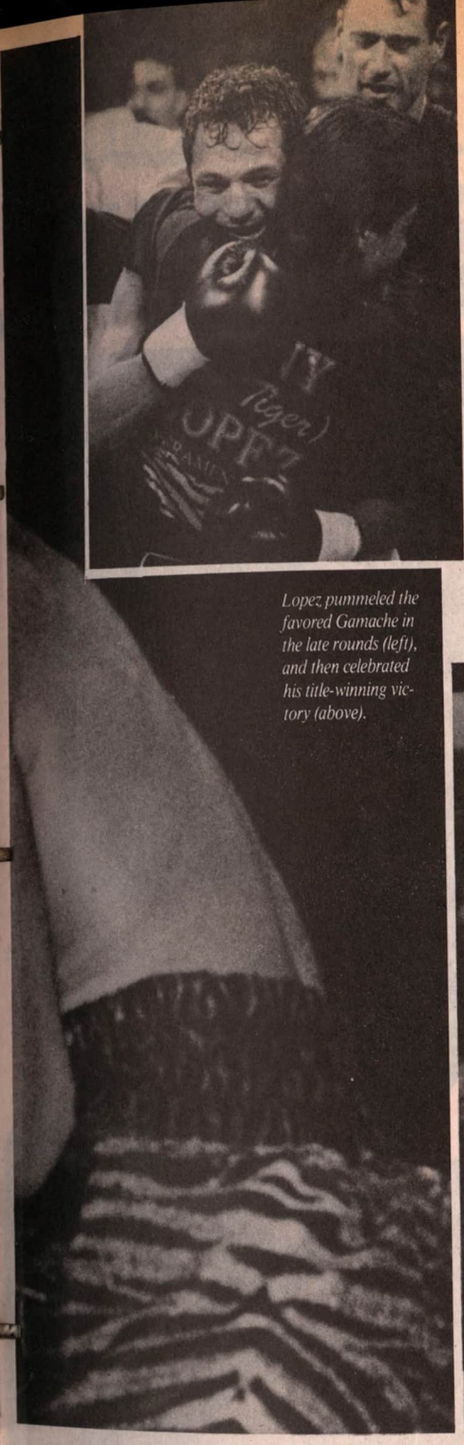
Joe Koizumi is The Ring's correspondent in the Far East. ■

When Homeboys Collide

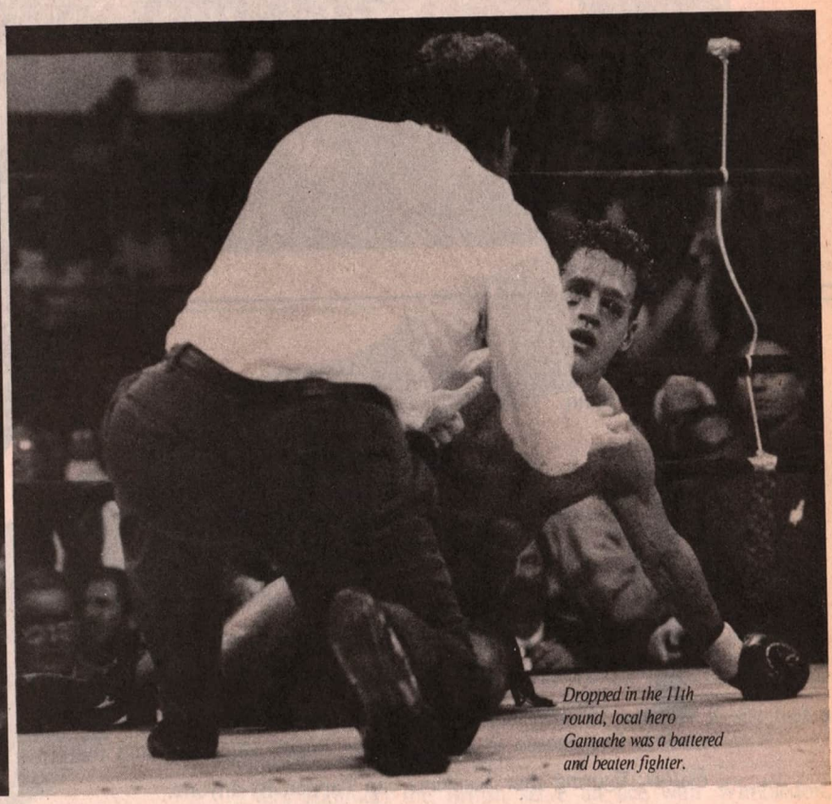


Photos By Lewiston Sun-Journal

TONY LOPEZ UPSETS JOEY GAMACHE—AND HIS FANS



Lopez pummeled the favored Gamache in the late rounds (left), and then celebrated his title-winning victory (above).



Dropped in the 11th round, local hero Gamache was a battered and beaten fighter.

By Steve Farhood

It must have been Charles Kuralt (or was it Andy Rooney?) who first pointed out that no matter the zip code, breakfast at I-HOP tastes the same. You probably never thought about it before, but it's really one of the remarkable things about this country: Wintertime in Helena, Montana, the silver dollar hotcakes are served nice and warm, just as in summertime in Mobile, Alabama. In the McIntosh country of Upstate New York, the apple flapjacks taste no more apple-like than those in the corn country of Des Moines, Iowa. And in Portland, Maine, the waitresses serve their customers with the same smile that can be found in Sacramento, California.

Even when the customer is Tony Lopez and the waitress is Joey Gamache's cousin.

This isn't an advertisement for the International House of Pancakes, but if you listen to Lopez, it might as well be. Lopez classifies a crosstown drive as a road trip, so when he opened the IHOP menu in Portland, he felt as if he had never left Sacramento. And when Gamache's cousin handed him the check and whispered, "I hope you knock him out," he tipped her like a champ and decided that home is where the hotcakes are.

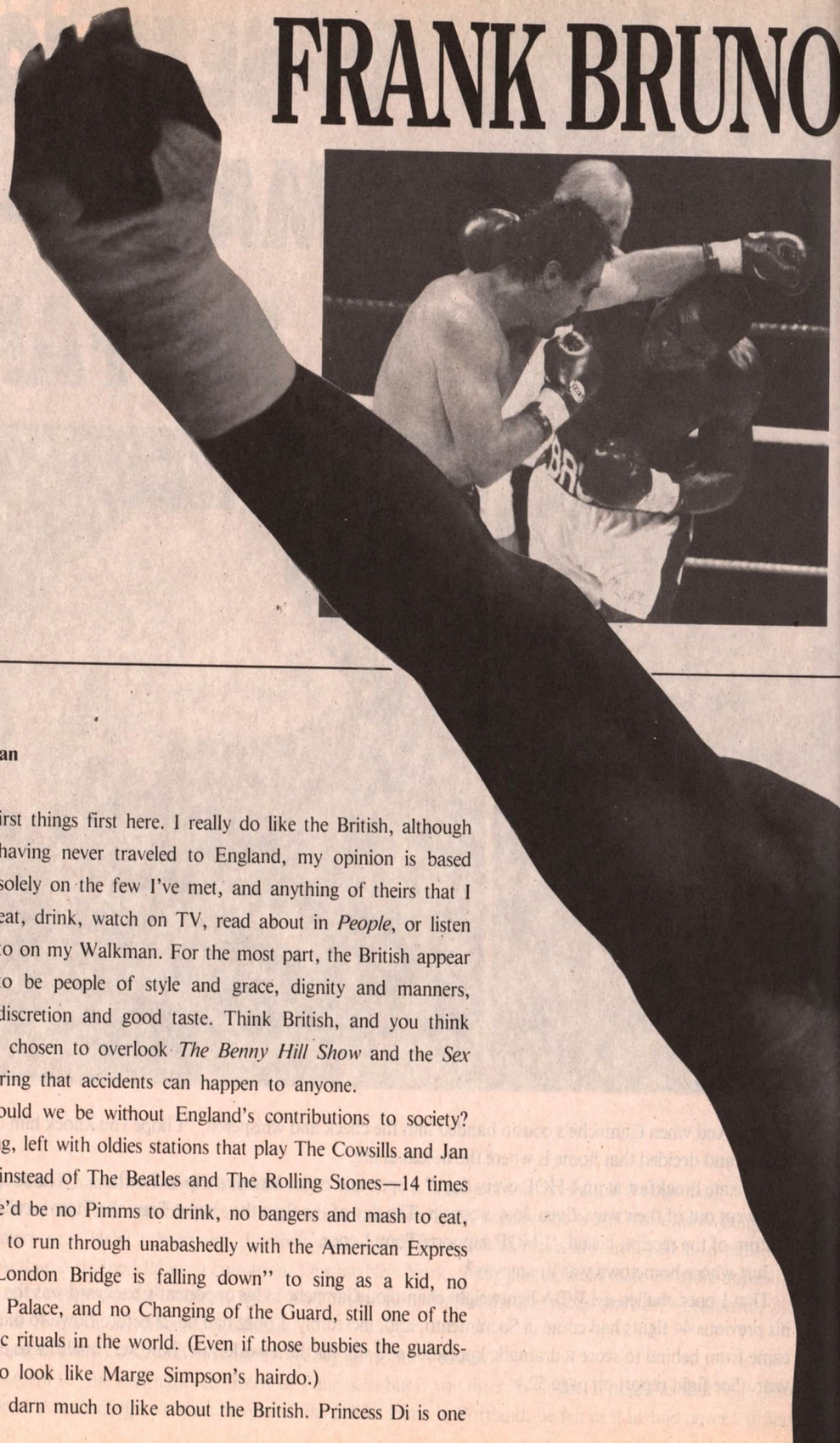
"We ate breakfast at an I-HOP every day," Lopez said of his business trip to Portland. "The people were especially nice and went out of their way. Even Joey's cousin. The day of the fight they had a Tony the Tiger breakfast special. And on the bottom of the receipt, it said, 'I-HOP supports Tony Lopez.' "

Just whose hometown was it, anyway?

That Lopez challenged WBA lightweight champion Gamache in his opponent's backyard was the stuff of bulletins; 36 of his previous 44 fights had come in Sacramento, and, incredibly, Lopez had never before flown to one of his fights. That he came from behind to score a dramatic knockout and win his third world title, however, qualifies as one of the stories of the year. (See fight report on page 52.)

(Continued on page 65)

THE RING EXPLAINS THE POPULARITY OF FRANK BRUNO . . . *OR AT LEAST TRIES TO*



Frank Bruno's October kayo of Pierre Coetzer (opposite page) served to further boost his popularity in England. In 1989, Bruno received prime U.S. publicity on ***The Tonight Show****, hosted by Jay Leno (right).*

By Jeff Ryan

First things first here. I really do like the British, although having never traveled to England, my opinion is based solely on the few I've met, and anything of theirs that I eat, drink, watch on TV, read about in *People*, or listen to on my Walkman. For the most part, the British appear to be people of style and grace, dignity and manners, discretion and good taste. Think British, and you think quality. I've chosen to overlook *The Benny Hill Show* and the *Sex Pistols*, figuring that accidents can happen to anyone.

Where would we be without England's contributions to society? For one thing, left with oldies stations that play The Cowsills and Jan and Dean—instead of The Beatles and The Rolling Stones—14 times a day. There'd be no Pimms to drink, no bangers and mash to eat, no Harrod's to run through unabashedly with the American Express card, no "London Bridge is falling down" to sing as a kid, no Buckingham Palace, and no Changing of the Guard, still one of the most majestic rituals in the world. (Even if those busbies the guardsmen wear do look like Marge Simpson's hairdo.)

There's so darn much to like about the British. Princess Di is one of the most beautiful women in the world, and I even get a kick out of Fergie because she gives you the impression that she could paint anyone's town the color of her hair if she had a couple of pints of ale in her.

Every summer, the British serve an ace with Wimbledon, simply the finest tennis tournament in existence. Grass courts. No billboards. No tie-break in the fifth set. If the Americans ran it, Centre Court would be covered with AstroTurf, and the tradition of strawberries and cream would have been replaced by strawberry yogurt at a TCBY stand many a half-volley ago.

The British aren't just great hosts in their country, they're even great hosts in *my* country. Here's irony for you: In New York, British Airways paid for the "WELCOME TO NEW YORK" sign that greets drivers entering the highway outside

(Continued on page 60)

Time Capsules

By Stanley Weston

With files of more than three million black-and-white and color negatives, *The Ring* magazine photo collection is by far the largest in the world. Each issue, we'll pore through the files to bring you some of the most unique boxing photographs ever taken

SUITING UP A GIANT

(November 14, 1951)

Former top heavyweight contender Buddy Baer is measured for a new suit he will wear during a worldwide tour to promote his new film *Quo Vadis*. According to his tailors, 5¼ yards of cloth are required to make a suit for the 6'6½", 270-pound Baer, as compared to only 2⅞ yards for the average man. Although overshadowed throughout his career by his famous brother Max, Buddy compiled an enviable record and had two shots at the heavyweight crown. The highlight of his career came in 1941 when, in the seventh round of his bout against defending champion Joe Louis, Buddy sent "The Brown Bomber" flying over the top rope and into the laps of ringsiders, who promptly helped shove the stricken champion back into the ring. But instead of being declared the new champion, as many believed he should have been, Baer was disqualified. In a return bout seven months later, Buddy was flattened in the first round.

STOCKBROKER SMITH

(February 14, 1925)

Edward Smyth, who fought under the name Gunboat Smith, was one of boxing's unique characters. He was, in a way, the Max Baer or Muhammad Ali of his time. His wit, marvelous sense of humor, and glib tongue made him not only the darling of the press, but a much sought-after dinner guest. Don't get the idea that Gunboat's stellar ring reputation grew out of his ability to charm an audience. Not at all. This lean, lanky kid out of Philadelphia was dazzlingly fast on his feet, and his power was explosive in both fists. In a 15-year career (1906-1921), Smith faced every important middleweight, light heavyweight, and heavyweight in the world, including great fighters like Harry Greb, Battling Levinsky, Georges Carpentier, Sam Langford, Jack Dillon, and Luis Firpo. And to top it all, Gunboat squared off with Jack Dempsey three times.

Four years after his last fight, Smith startled all who knew him by taking a Wall Street job as a stockbroker. This picture shows the 34-year-old Gunboat at his desk reading the stock ticker tape, a telephone at hand to call his army of friends and hawk his hot tips. But three months after starting his new job, Smith quit. When asked why, he said with a sly grin, "When I slugged a guy in the ring, I never had to apologize. But when I advise an old pal to buy a certain stock, and the stock takes a nosedive, I feel like a heel."

THE DAY AFTER THE LONG COUNT

(September 23, 1927)

Less than 24 hours after he retained the world heavyweight title against Jack Dempsey in the famous "Battle Of The Long Count," Gene Tunney reads newspaper accounts of the bout while relaxing on the roof of the Chicago hotel where he made his headquarters. The expression of concern on the champion's face was caused by an article in the *Chicago Gazette* that was heavily slanted in Dempsey's favor. "Referee Dave Barry's Incompetency Keeps Tunney On Heavyweight Throne," blared the headline. The tone of the article incensed Gene to the point that he ordered his manager, Billy Gibson, not only to demand a retraction but to "sue the paper for slanderous reporting."

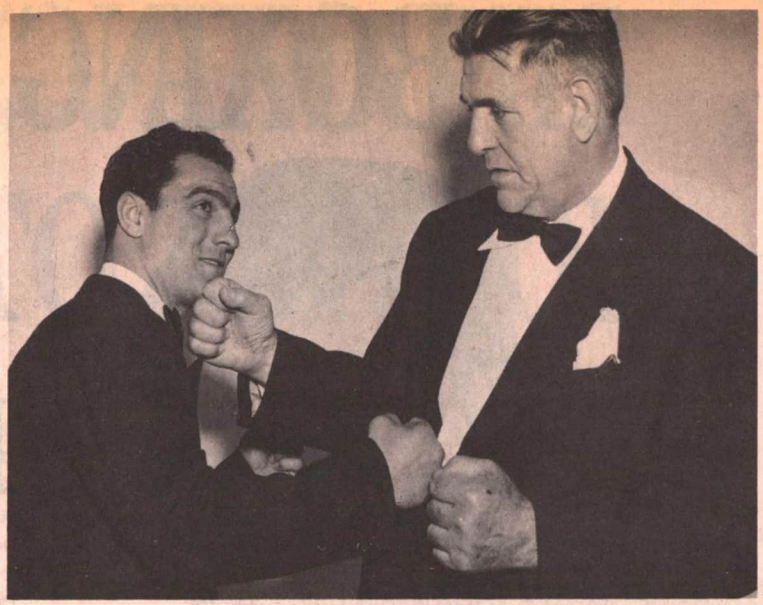
Gene dropped the idea after finally accepting a legal opinion that the newspaper was perfectly justified in expressing its views. But Tunney never again touched a copy of the *Chicago Gazette*.

FISTS BIG AS HAMS

(January 15, 1953)

When Rocky Marciano squared off with Luis Firpo for this picture, Rocky was startled by Firpo's enormous fists. "Everybody tells me I have big hands," said the heavyweight champion. "But this guy's paws make mine look like midgets' hands." You can clearly see that Firpo's fists are almost twice as big as Rocky's, and that Luis' fist is about half the size of Marciano's head.

The occasion was the Boxing Writers Association annual banquet in New York City, where Rocky was awarded the prestigious Edward J. Neil Award as the man who had done the most for boxing in 1952. Firpo flew in from his native Argentina to pick up a special award for his memorable contribution to boxing. Mused one sports columnist in attendance, "I look at that huge man and his ham-sized fists and find it even more remarkable that Dempsey was able to climb back into the ring and knock him out." We think Rocky Marciano was wondering the same thing.



LADIES' MAN

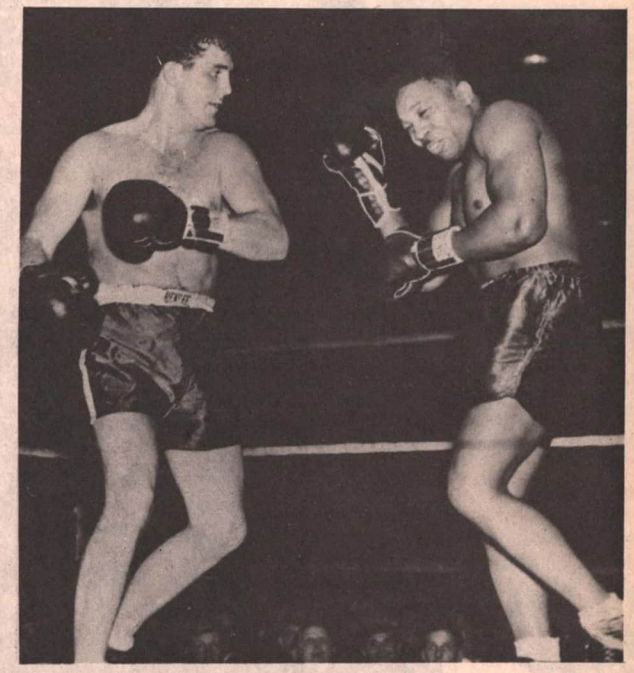
(July 24, 1924)

Former light heavyweight champion Battling Siki proudly shows off his pretty American fiancee (left) to the New York press. The rigid-looking woman (right) is Mrs. Kinalle, a marriage broker who brought the pair together. Siki, who came from Senegal, was just as wild outside the ring as he was in battle. In fact, it was said that he had more arrests on his record than prize fights. One of his favorite gigs was to walk down Broadway with a lion cub on a long leash.

Probably the most bizarre incident associated with the "Singular Senegalese" came when he agreed to defend the light heavyweight title against Mike McTigue in Dublin on, believe it or not, St. Patrick's Day! We don't have to tell you who was awarded the 20-round decision.

Getting back to this picture of Siki and the two women—the very day it was taken in New York, an Associated Press report from Paris announced that Siki's estranged wife and their daughter had been evicted from their Paris apartment for non-payment of rent.

It is unclear whether or not Siki married the woman in the picture, but we do know that 15 months later, on December 15, 1925, he lay dead in a pool of his own blood in a New York City gutter, his muscular body riddled with bullets. The death certificate listed his age at 28.



NOT THE SAME CONN

(November 29, 1945)

Shortly after being discharged from the U.S. Army at the end of World War II, Billy Conn began preparing for the fight the whole world had been anxiously waiting four years to see, his return bout vs. heavyweight champion Joe Louis. The memory of their thrilling 1941 battle, with Conn ahead on points going into the 13th round, only to be kayoed, was still vivid. Now everyone wondered what effect four years of inactivity would have on both Billy and Joe.

A hint came in Cleveland, the night Conn (left) boxed a three-round exhibition with Bearcat Jones. It was Billy's first ring appearance since leaving the Army. The fact that his timing was way off, that he began panting for breath after a scant two minutes of missing far more blows than he landed, was understandable. After all, four years can be a lifetime to a fighter. Billy's body looked bloated. Only that handsome Irish face remained the same. And good looks alone would go for zilch against even an aging Joe Louis.

Eight months after this picture was taken, the long-awaited rematch finally happened. And as just about everybody who had witnessed Conn's exhibition in Cleveland had expected, Billy would again fail against Bomber Joe. This time it took Louis only eight rounds to deliver the knockout drops. ■

BOXING'S FIRST *ROCKY*

By Roger Mooney

Ring announcer Billy Kelly was making his way toward the center of the ring with the results of the fight held high over his head in his right hand—the hand that pointed to the corner of lightweight champion Jimmy Goodrich. The 12,000 fans that had shoehorned themselves into the small Broadway Auditorium let out one big gasp. Was Rocky Kansas to be denied again?

Standing in his corner, Kansas was thinking the same thing. He was old

ROCKY... AND HIS ROAD TO THE TOP

and he was battered, and he knew this was his last chance at the lightweight title. Three times he had tried to take it away from Benny Leonard, and three times he had failed, although he was sure he had won their second fight. But on this December night, fighting Goodrich in his hometown of Buffalo, New York, Kansas was sure he had lifted the crown.

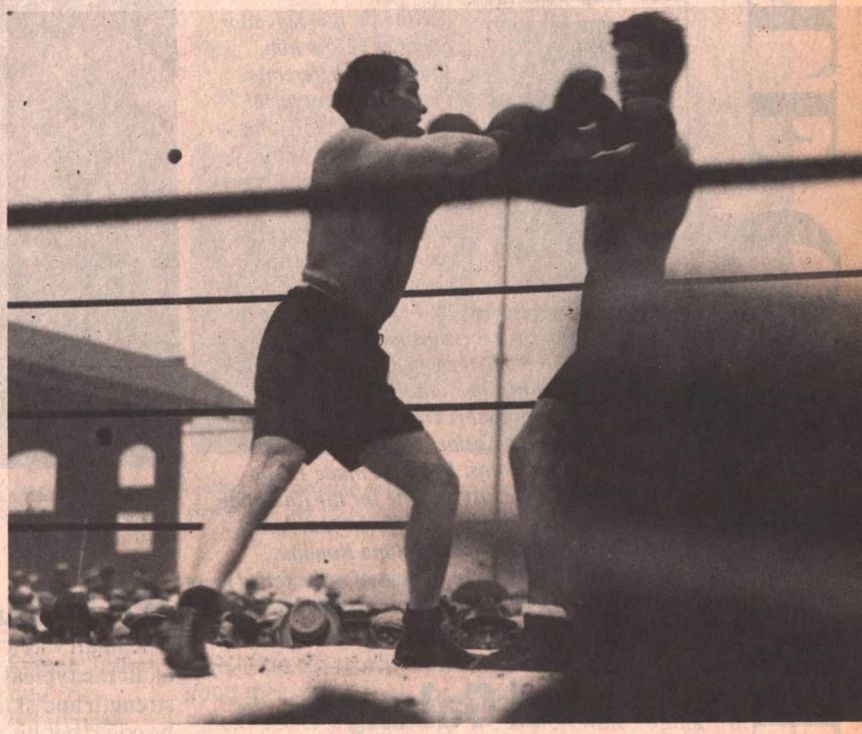
Goodrich was a young champion and, like all young champions, he was brash and full of confidence. He had even made plans for his second title defense two days before entering the ring with Kansas. To Goodrich, the 30-year-old challenger, a veteran of 159 fights, seemed like the right type of opponent against which to start his title reign. But the old man had enough pep left to offer a fight. A very good fight, if you were rooting for Kansas.

Kansas knew he had lost a few rounds, and that a few more would be called even. But hadn't the judges seen the first round, when he opened with a left to the body that sent Goodrich back on his heels? What about the fourth, when Kansas withstood an early assault and then pinned Goodrich to the ropes? And hadn't they seen the way he had ripped open a cut above Goodrich's eye in the seventh? Did they miss the look on Goodrich's face when he realized Kansas was more than a warm body? Hadn't they seen the way Goodrich fought in the last round—like a man who knew he was running out of time? And what about in that same round, when Kansas, fighting on the defensive, flicked away everything that came his way and pounded Goodrich a few more times for good measure? For goodness sake, *hadn't they seen the fight?*

Just as Kelly reached the middle of the ring, he spun toward the old man's corner and shouted, "We have a new world champion!"

On December 7, 1925, some 15

(Continued on page 67)



The diminutive Kansas gave away half-a-foot of reach to Sammy Mandell (above), who, in July 1926, took the lightweight title on points. Kansas squares off with Benny Leonard (left), who was victorious in three of their four showdowns.

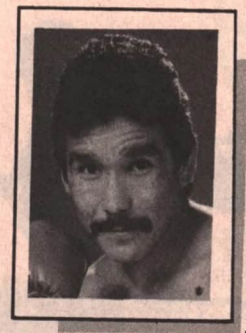
BATTLE OF THE LEGENDS

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS

Fight fans will forever debate the merits of champions who never met in the ring. In "Battle Of The Legends," the editors of THE RING play matchmaker and pit two of the all-time greats against each other. Three experts serve as judges. If there are particular dream matches that you'd like to see featured, please write to us.

Gilberto Roman

Mexicali, Mexico
Career: 1981-1990
55-6-1 with 36 kayos



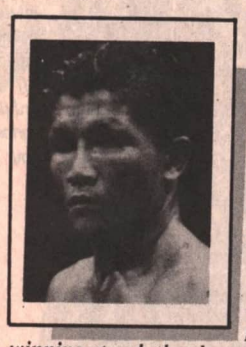
Roman, like Salvador Sanchez before him, fought far differently than the stereotypical Mexican warrior. The 115-pounder was the quintessential ring general, moving in and out and scoring without being scored upon. He also showed a chippy side; his first two losses came by disqualification for excessive butting.

Roman began his first reign as WBC champion in March 1986, when he outpointed Japanese southpaw Jiro Watanabe. One year later he lost the crown to Santos Laciar, but later regained it from Baby Sugar Rojas. In all, he made 11 successful defenses. He lost the title for the final time in November 1989, when he suffered four knockdowns during a points loss to Nana Konadu.

On June 27, 1990, only 18 days after he failed to wrest the WBC title from Sung Kil Moon, Roman was killed in a car crash. He was 28.

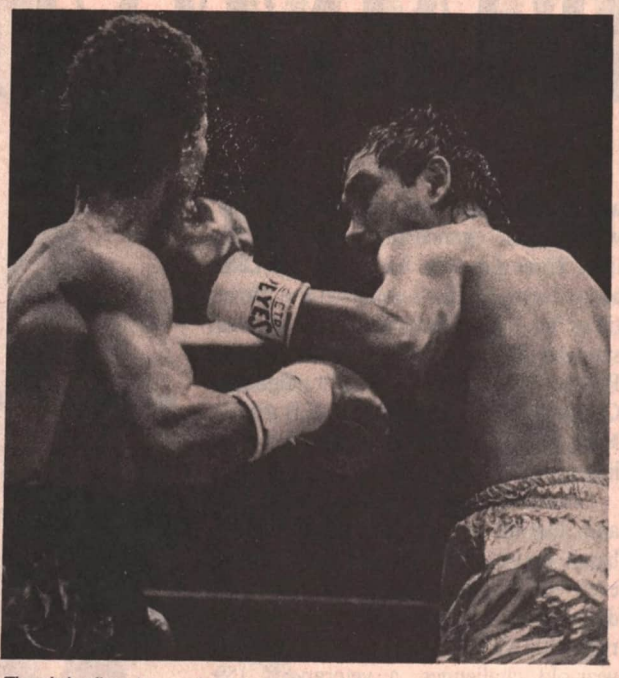
Khaosai Galaxy

Petchaboon, Thailand
Career: 1980-1991
49-1 with 43 kayos



Galaxy, whose real name is Sura Saenkham, never became a star in the West. But he's a national treasure in Thailand, and among the most accomplished champions in the history of the lighter weight divisions.

The barrel-chested southpaw lost his sixth pro fight, then began a winning streak that lasted until his retirement in December 1991. He won the vacant WBA junior bantamweight title by scoring a sixth-round kayo of Eusebio Espinal in November 1984, and kept the crown for more than seven years. (His twin brother Kaokor briefly reigned as WBA bantamweight king.) Galaxy made a division-record 19 successful defenses, stopping all but three of his title fight foes. His reign was full of adventure; in three of his defenses, he rose from the canvas to bludgeon his opponents with his awesome left-handed power.

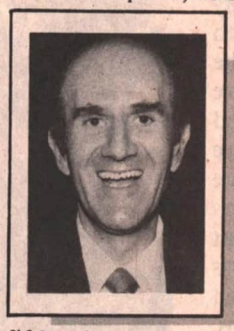


Though hardly a kayo artist, Roman was a brilliant counterpuncher, as the crafty Mexican proved during his June 1989 points victory over Juan Carazo.

HAROLD LEDERMAN

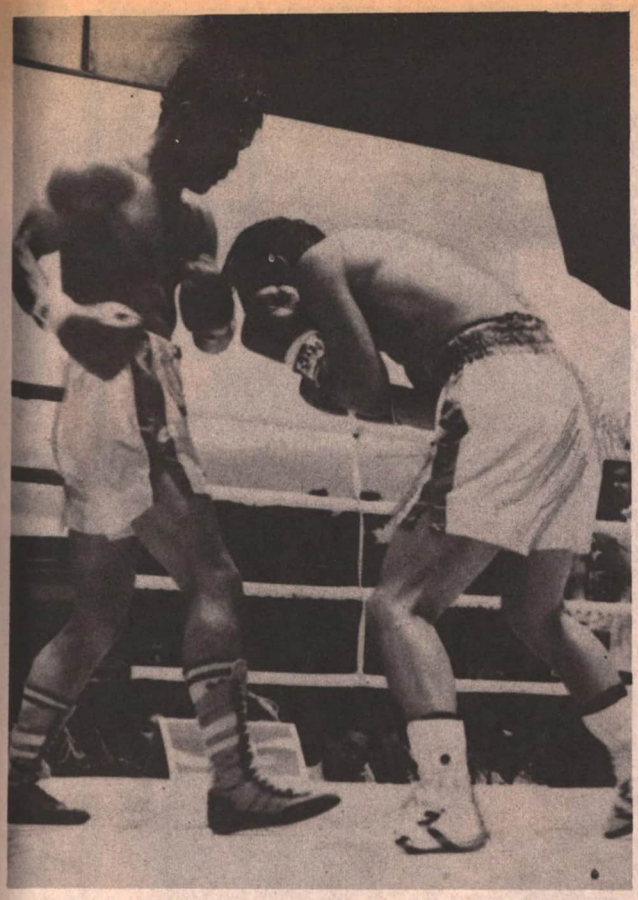
Roman was a very, very good technical fighter, not at all the typical Mexican slugger. He depended on strength and skill, but he was only a fair puncher, and he could get hit and busted up. Also, he wasn't the fastest guy on his feet that I ever saw.

Galaxy was a tremendous left-handed puncher. Like most southpaws, he couldn't snap his jab, and he just waved his right hand like it was a flag. Still, he was just too strong for his opponents. But he wasn't crude; he was more of a Marvin Hagler type who liked to back the other guy up. When I saw him with Rafael Orono, who was a former champ, he was soundly, easily outboxed for the first three rounds. Then he just wore Orono down and stopped him in the fifth. I know the division isn't that old, but Galaxy was the best 115-pounder I've ever seen.

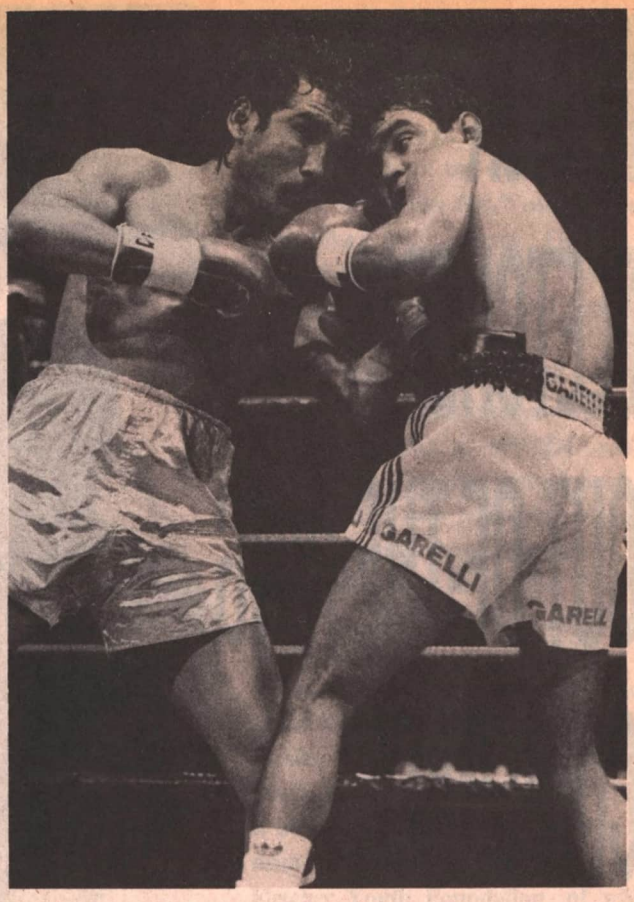


The WBA beats the WBC in this one. Roman would jab, use the ring, and move side to side. But without question, Galaxy would catch him around the eighth or ninth round and flatten him. Even if he had to come from behind to do it.

Veteran fight judge Harold Lederman scored Galaxy's 1985 title defense against Rafael Orono in Bangkok. He never worked a Roman fight, but saw the Mexican fight several times.



Galaxy's exceptionally developed upper body was evident during his June 1990 kayo of Japan's overmatched Shunichi Nakajima. It was the Thai's 14th title defense.

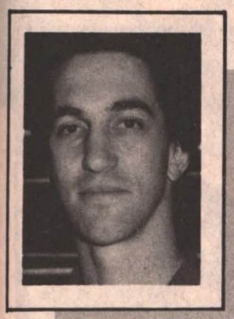


Roman's last successful defense was a 12-round decision over Argentine bulldog and former 112- and 115-pound champion Santos Laciar in September 1989.

BOB YALEN

Roman was a beautiful boxer and a very slick mover. He wasn't your typical Mexican fighter, walking in and hooking to the liver. He had a good defense and frustrated opponents. When well-trained—he liked to party—he was one of the best, and, along with Jiro Watanabe, the best junior bantam I ever saw. When not, he was still very good.

Galaxy was the antithesis of Roman; he banged away until they dropped. He had a halfway-decent defense,



which really amounted to his opponents feeling his strength and backing off. He had a huge upper body and was very intimidating for 115-pounders. He wasn't a one-punch kind of guy, and he had trouble with movers until he cornered them. Then he'd just beat them into submission. It would have been hard for him to fight out of Thailand because he was drum-tight at 115, and the heat and humidity helped him keep the weight.

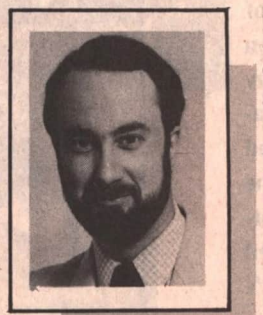
Roman would dart in and out, jab, punch to the body and head, and pick off Galaxy's blows. In condition, he wins by unanimous decision.

Bob Yalen, a keen observer of the lighter weight classes, is the boxing consultant for ABC-TV.

MAL KARWOSKI

Roman and Galaxy were both excellent fighters who fought on the world level for several years, which is a good measuring stick for greatness. Roman was an excellent boxer who didn't have any trouble coping with different styles. I saw many of his fights and can't remember him ever having a bad night. He always came ready to fight.

Physically, Galaxy was the stronger of the two. And he hit much harder. He was devastating out of his



southpaw stance. Like Roman, he was knocked down more than once, but he was able to recover and win.

Galaxy's foes, for the most part, were all from the Orient. Roman faced a greater variety, and a better quality of fighter. I don't believe that Galaxy's southpaw style would bother Roman, either. After all, he won the title from a lefty, Jiro Watanabe. He would be aware of Galaxy's superiority in strength and avoid the Thai's big left. The respect that he'd give Galaxy would keep him focused and moving.

I'm not taking anything away from Galaxy, but in a real close fight, nine times out of 10, I'll take the Latin fighter. Roman by decision.

Mal Karwoski is the Director of Sports Programming and boxing coordinator for Univision. ■

FRANK FLETCHER'S OUT-OF-THE-RING COMEBACK

Can "The Animal" Survive In The Concrete Jungle?

By Robert Cassidy

The environment is foreign for a man who has spent most of his formative years in a prison cell or a boxing ring. All day he is surrounded by fax machines, word processors, and Rolodexes. It is business in the '90s, and the milieu can be intimidating. But nothing has ever intimidated Frank "The Animal" Fletcher, and it's likely nothing ever will.

Dressed in a suit and tie, Fletcher shuffles about the offices at the Western Philadelphia Economic Development Corporation's Renaissance Center, appearing at times to be way out of his element. He learned how to read only four years ago. But each day he brings a big heart, a big smile, and big dreams to the job.

"I didn't have the slightest idea I'd be in a setting like this," said Fletcher. "I'm like, *Wow*, Frank Fletcher is *walking around people with suits and briefcases.* I love it here, and they love me."

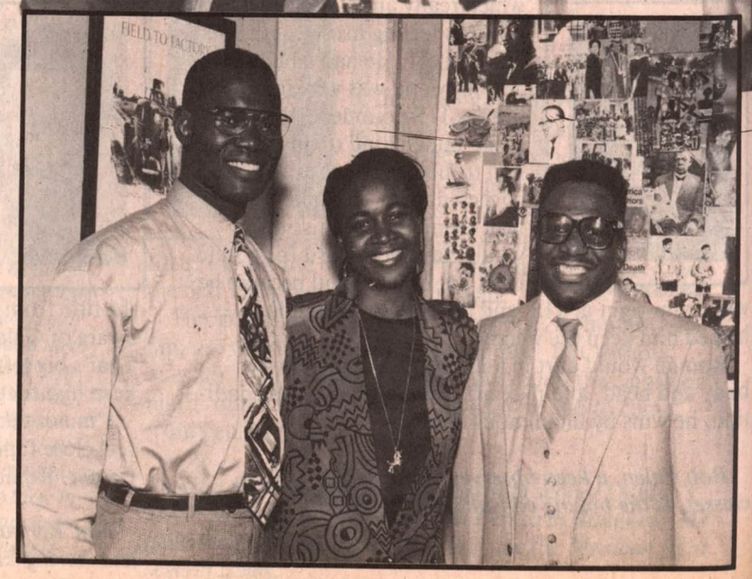
They are Jerome Mitchell and his wife, Sandra Mills-Mitchell. The former is the CEO of WPEDC and a graduate of The Wharton School of Business. His wife was a special assistant for Philadelphia Congressman Bill Gray, and now heads the African-American Women's Resource Center at WPEDC.

The WPEDC, a non-profit organization recently featured on CBS' *Street Stories,* is designed to promote economic revitalization in Western Philly. It offers a variety of programs for African-Americans, among them the Fletcher Youth Foundation, of which Frank is president. By giving Fletcher the opportunity to help save the city's youth, the Mitchells are actually helping Fletcher save himself.

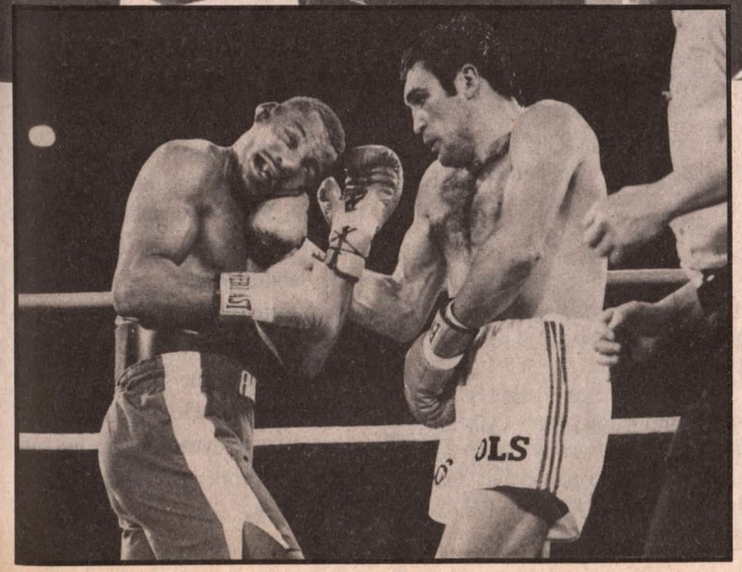
Once a ferocious middleweight contender, Fletcher hasn't boxed since 1986. He weighs 195 pounds and, despite the insertion of a plastic lens in his right eye, he wears thick designer glasses. The lens was surgically implanted after a cataract operation seven years ago. Without it, he'd be blind in the eye. The lens rules out any boxing comebacks, but Fletcher isn't interested. He's too busy making a comeback in life.

Fletcher, 38, estimates that he's spent 22 years in various prisons. His temper has been the root of his troubles, but he promises he's mellowed. He is still, however, very institutionalized; he answers with "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," as if responding to prison guards.

Fletcher was nine when, after breaking into homes and cars, he was sent to The Youth Study Center. Almost



By helping the youth of Philadelphia (top), Fletcher is helping himself. Jerome Mitchell and Sandra Mills-Mitchell (right) have given the former middleweight contender his opportunity.



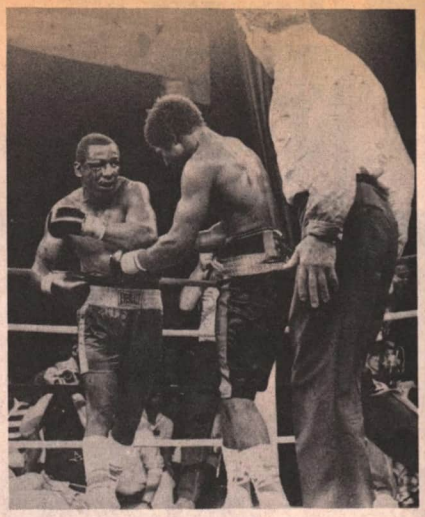
Fletcher's hopes of a try at the world title were shattered in November 1983, when Juan Roldan annihilated him in six rounds.

predictably, reform school led to prison.

"I was in the county jail and I can't recall who was fighting, but they were fighting for these belts," said Fletcher. "They were big belts. And I wanted them. I didn't know anything about boxing, all I knew was that I was a good streetfighter. I got out of jail in 1979 and took up boxing. I decided not to see what the world had to offer me, but what I had to offer the world."

What he has to offer the youth in this beleaguered corner of the world are his experiences and the hope that they can learn from his mistakes.

"Having gone through all he has, Frank still has a pure heart," said Mitchell. "He has a sincere desire to prevent others from going down the road he's traveled. He's shown a total commitment. We're excited and feel blessed to have someone like Frank in our family. He has a real zeal for life, and we'd like to transfer that to other people."



Fletcher's June 1982 war with Clint Jackson typified "The Animal's" prime. He won a 12-round decision.

***

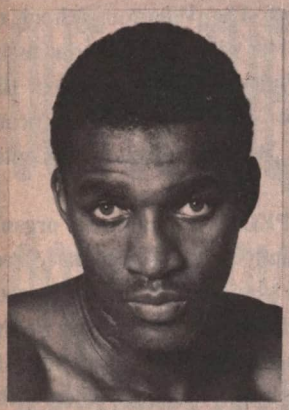
The City of Brotherly Love has produced an array of warriors. Fletcher, with his hooking, swarming style, was the quintessential Philly fighter. He is entrenched in the city's rich boxing tradition. At one time, being a top 160-pounder in Philadelphia meant being among the best middleweights in the game.

"For a few years, Frankie was the hottest middleweight in the world," said Nigel Collins, former editor-in-chief of *The Ring*, and a longtime observer of the Philadelphia boxing scene. "Every fight was exciting. He was an incredibly brave, face-first fighter who waded in and sucked it up until the other guy faded. Frankie was sort of like a Roman candle; he burned brightly for a little while, but he burned out pretty quickly."

In 1980, ESPN launched *Top Rank Boxing* with a series of tournaments. The middleweight competition launched Fletcher. He was the consummate TV fighter; he'd brawl, he'd bleed, and when he was hurt, he'd fight back harder. Fletcher fought just 25 times in a 10-year career, but appeared on network and cable-television six times each.

(Continued on page 54)

BROTHERS APART



Anthony "Two Gun" Fletcher was a southpaw, just like his older brother. The similarities ended there. If Frank Fletcher was the epitome of ruggedness, Anthony was classic and smooth.

Anthony was the most talented of the three fighting Fletchers. In an amateur career that culminated with a national title in 1977, he beat future world champions Ray Mancini, Jimmy Paul, Harry Arroyo, Johnny Bumphus, and Milton McCrory.

As a pro, Fletcher decisioned Livingstone Bramble in 1981, and was on the verge of entering the lightweight elite when he was stricken with Bell's palsy, a disorder that causes a loss of control of the facial muscles. Throughout the ordeal, he was forced to sleep with a patch over his left eye because he couldn't shut it.

Although physical therapy finally brought Anthony's disorder under control, Frank said his brother was never the same. Anthony managed to beat Fred Pendleton and put together an 11-bout winning streak, but was being pulled away from boxing. He lost two bouts in 1987 and was arrested for cocaine possession.

In June 1989, four months after winning the Pennsylvania lightweight title, Anthony was shot five times while watching a playground basketball game in Southeast Philly. He and a friend, Eric Hurst, were sitting inside Anthony's olive-colored BMW when two gunmen opened fire. Anthony was shot in the face, neck, and chest. Hurst was shot five times and died at the scene. Police believe the incident was drug-related.

Remarkably, Anthony returned to boxing. He decisioned Tom Baker, but his career ended in August 1990, after consecutive knockout losses to junior welterweight prospects Donald Stokes and Oba Carr.

"It's a different kind of situation with the two brothers," said Elmer Smith of the *Philadelphia Daily News*. "Frank was a fighter, but he couldn't box. Anthony was a boxer and was all slick and guile. Anthony is very smooth. He's a very slick character."

In March, Anthony was charged with the murder of Vaughn Christopher. It was reported that Fletcher shot Christopher with a .38-caliber handgun after an argument over a drug deal. Anthony is now awaiting trial at the Philadelphia Industrial Correctional Center. If convicted, he faces life in prison or the death penalty. (In Pennsylvania, a life sentence *means* a life sentence. There is no parole for lifers.)

Frank was incarcerated during his brother's arrest and has not gone to visit him because consorting with known felons would violate his own parole. He has written Anthony, but has not gotten a response.

"Look at my brother," Frank said softly. "Nobody had an idea that he would do anything wrong. I'm the guy who was supposedly going to jail for the rest of my life. Now they're saying that my brother killed a man. After all those years of watching me go in and out of jail, he's a fool if he did what they said he did. I hope while he's in jail he gives his life to God, because God is the only one who can work this out. There's still hope."—**RC**

From Question Man To Answer Man

RIDDICK BOWE LEAVES NO DOUBTS

By Joseph C. Tintle

Even though Riddick Bowe fully understood the importance of maintaining a positive frame of mind, his head was filled with negative thoughts as he stood in the ring at Las Vegas' Thomas & Mack Center in the moments preceding his challenge of heavyweight champion Evander Holyfield.

He really couldn't help it, so he was determined for it to help him.

He thought of his return from the Olympic Games in 1988, and how every boxing aficionado had declared him a major disappointment for having won *just* a silver medal. Then he remembered how, not long after he turned professional, these same "experts," as Bowe calls them, referred to him as the "Clown Bomber" because he often lapsed into impressions of Muhammad Ali and Stevie Wonder after beating opponents silly.

It was fight commentator Ferdie Pacheco who was most brutal in his assessment of the young contender.

"Spaceship Bowe," Pacheco called him. "An enormous talent, but no mental stability whatsoever."

Both champion and challenger were determined to attack. As a result, the fighters punched often and absorbed unusual punishment. Bowe's right uppercut was a prime weapon (right). Holyfield banked mostly on multiple hooks, but landed the occasional cross as well (below).

As fine a public speaker as Bowe was, he was never really able to answer all the questions about his ability and character. But as fight time approached, he knew that he would, for the first time, be able to erase the doubts with his actions. And throw in an exclamation point for emphasis.

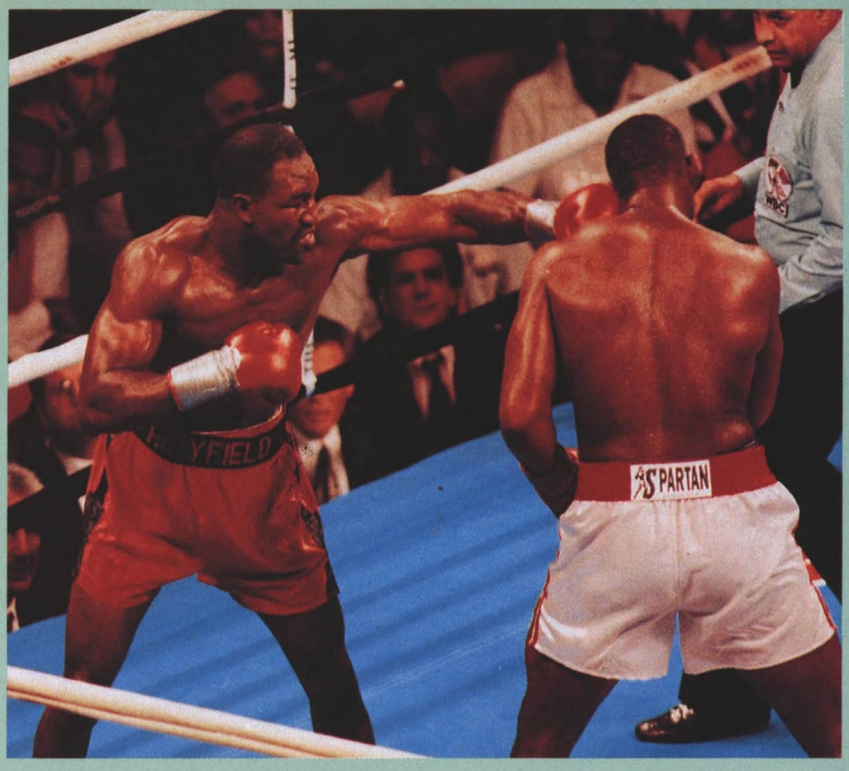
Did he have the heart to dig down deep against Holyfield, one of boxing's great warriors? Was he in good enough shape to go 12 rounds? Did he have a champion's chin? Had he fought enough quality opponents to prepare him for this test? Was he a head case?

So many questions for a fighter with a record of 31-0 (27) to answer. But 12 rounds later, he would walk away with three championship belts—and the respect of the world. The decision was unanimous: Chuck Giampa scored 115-112, while Jerry Roth and Dalby Shirley each had it 117-110. *The Ring* scored for Bowe by 116-111.

"Any questions now?" Bowe's manager, Rock Newman, would say at the postfight press conference.

Looking out at the blank stares of the assembled media members, Bowe would allow himself the most satisfying smile of his career.

Holyfield actually helped Bowe answer his critics by abandoning his fight plan. Holyfield was to try to beat Bowe to the punch and methodically pick him apart in the later rounds. But after boxing masterfully in round one, the 30-year-old champion began to slug with his bigger challenger, and by doing so gave the 25-year-old Bowe the opportunity he needed.



Holyfield's plan was to capitalize on his advantages in speed and mobility. In the first round, he was successful. After that, however, he challenged Bowe on the inside, where the challenger proved far stronger.

Co-trainers George Benton and Lou Duva called for Holyfield to take advantage of his speed, throw unyielding combinations, and make Bowe use his legs. Not that they thought Holyfield was necessarily going to knock out Bowe, but they believed that he could retain the title on points.

During the second round, however, everything changed. As Holyfield and Bowe clinched, the challenger wrapped a meaty right arm around the smaller champion and dug two hard lefts into Holyfield's side. Referee Joe Cortez tried to break them apart, but before he could, Holyfield became crazed and flailed away madly. So much for maintaining the boxer mode.

THE FUTCH TOUCH

Ageless Eddie Futch is nonpareil as a trainer, having worked with 17 world champions, including Alexis Arguello, Joe Frazier, Larry Holmes, and Michael Spinks. Yet when the 81-year-old legend looks back, he considers Riddick Bowe's rise to the heavyweight title to be his most significant achievement. Perhaps that's because Futch has worked with Bowe from the start of the world champion's pro career. Or perhaps it's because only four years ago, Bowe was shunned by everyone but manager Rock Newman.

"The story has been well-documented by now," said Futch, "but I hadn't seen Bowe in the Olympics. Still, I heard lots of stories about how lazy he was, and how he didn't show much heart or discipline. I was 78 at the time, and I told Rock I didn't have much time left to waste on someone like that.

"I really hadn't gotten to know Riddick yet, but in our first talk, I laid it all out on the line. I told him, 'I don't want any sass, no backtalk. You'll do exactly what I tell you, and if you foul up just once, just *once*, I'm out of here.' "

Two years ago, the media was still reminding Bowe of his failure in Seoul. Nonetheless, Futch, not known for outlandish boasts, made a bold prediction.

"I told people, 'He could fight with the top five heavyweights right now,' " he recalled. " 'He might not beat four of them, but the one I know he could lick right now is Holyfield.' "

As Futch continued working with the prospect, refining his outstanding jab and developing his right hand, teacher and pupil grew close. Bowe began to lovingly refer to Futch as "Papa Smurf," and the trainer responded by offering unflagging confidence and support, and 60 years of ring wisdom. As a result, by November 13, Team Bowe was strong and focused.

"One of the biggest things I'll remember," said Futch, "was his attitude and intensity, even early in the fight. I remember after the fifth round, he came back to the corner saying, 'I want it. I want it *bad*. The only way I lose this fight is if they carry me outta here brain-dead.'

"People were so wrong to question Riddick's heart and desire. He's a great kid, and loves to have fun. But when he's in the ring, he means business. He doesn't fool around. You know, he's not there yet, but he has the potential to be the best champion I've ever had. He's got so many tools, and once we work on a few more things, you're not going to believe what you see."

—Jack Welsh

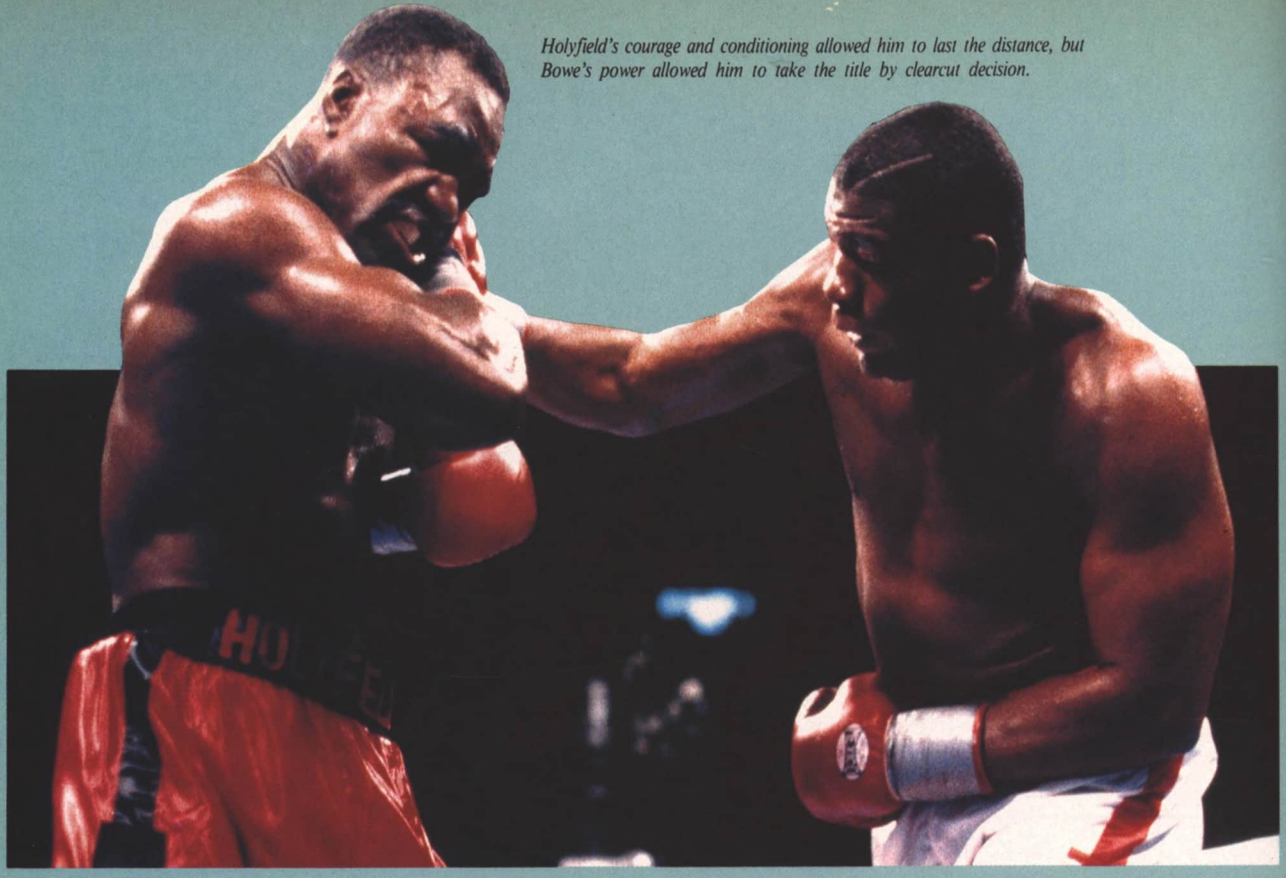
It was a savage but mesmerizing moment. Holyfield's promoter, Dan Duva, was incensed. He twisted and turned in his seat, and called out to the champion.

"What the heck is he warring with him for," he shouted. "Evander, be smart."

No matter how often Duva implored his heavyweight champion to box, Holyfield ignored strategy in favor of satisfying his ego. If Bowe wanted to brawl and slug from time to time, that was just fine with Holyfield.

As the fight wore on, an intriguing development took place: Holyfield, supposedly the best-trained athlete in the world, was being outworked by Bowe. At the start of training camp, Bowe weighed a beefy 270 pounds. Diet guru Dick Gregory was brought in, and he put the challenger on his Bahamian Diet for five weeks. Bowe dropped 35 pounds. He looked svelte, but the consensus was that the dramatic weight loss would ultimately leave him weak. In the late rounds, however, Bowe was the fitter fighter, outpunching the champion by a total of 711-475.

For all of his hi-tech workouts and stretching exercises, it was Holyfield who first showed signs of tiring in the sixth round. But, as always, he regrouped and battled back. Then, in the eighth, he thumbed Bowe in the right eye, and the challenger began pawing at it. This was the type of crisis mo-



Holyfield's courage and conditioning allowed him to last the distance, but Bowe's power allowed him to take the title by clearcut decision.

ment that Bowe's detractors thought might bring his surrender. But he never let the pain affect his focus.

"I had to prove something to myself, and I had to prove something to him," Bowe explained.

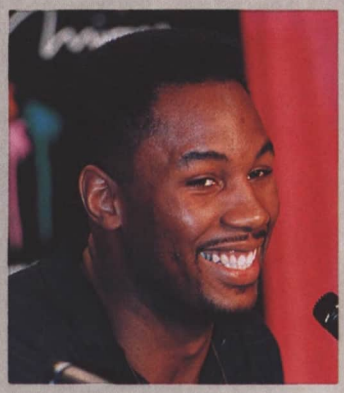
From rounds four through nine, Bowe snapped back Holyfield's head with jabs and booming right hands. The challenger, urged on by 81-year-old trainer Eddie Futch, also chipped away at Holyfield's sculpted body.

The 10th round, the Round of the Year and one of the greatest rounds in the history of the heavyweight division, started off innocently enough, with Bowe landing a jab that hurt the champion. Bowe followed with an overhand right, and the fighters locked in a clinch. That's when Bowe ripped an

(Continued on page 59)

THE BOWE SWEEPSTAKES

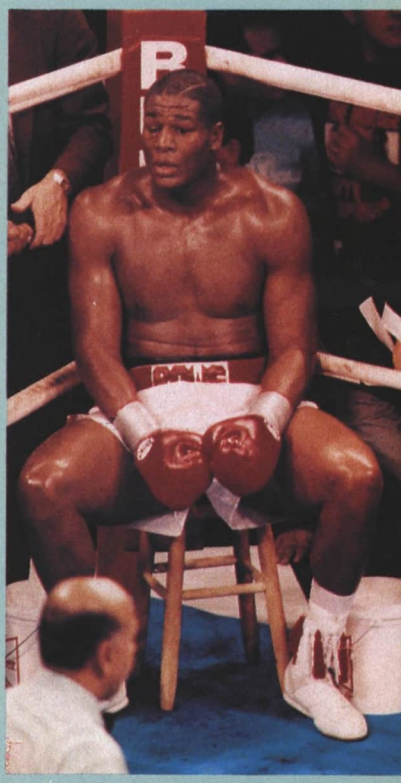
So much for the Final Four. While Riddick Bowe had seemingly agreed to meet Lennox Lewis in his first title defense, manager Rock Newman has suggested that his fighter will take an easy, yet lucrative, fight before meeting his English rival. According to the WBC, if Bowe does not first meet Lewis, the organization will strip him and recognize Lewis as the WBC heavyweight champion. Here's a brief look at the players most likely to provide the competition in Bowe's first defense, along with the odds of that fight taking place.



Lennox Lewis

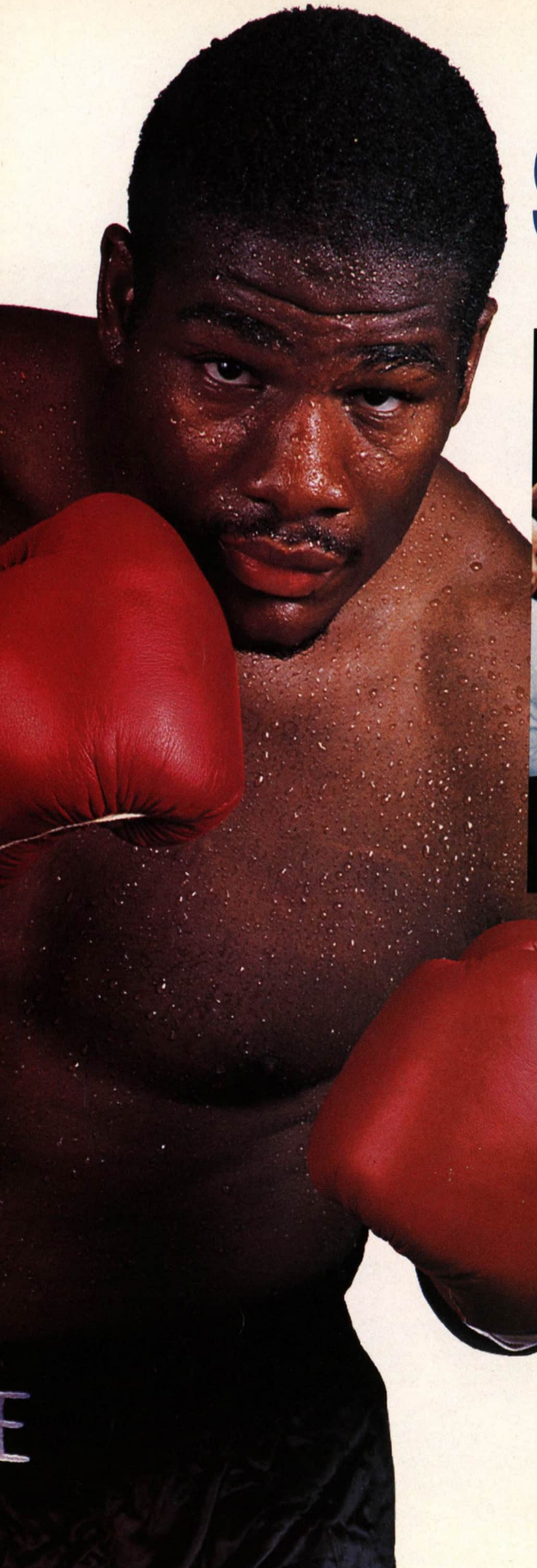
Challenger	Odds	The Skinny
Lennox Lewis	1-1	The long-awaited rematch. In the gold medal super heavyweight match of the 1988 Olympics, Lewis stopped the favored Bowe. Clearly the two best fighters in the division, and the most intriguing matchup in the sport. Vegas has called it pick-'em.
George Foreman	3-1	A sad, sad day for boxing if this match is made. Bowe crushes the 44-year-old pretender.
Michael Dokes	10-1	The Mirage has offered Bowe a February date for this fight. It's doubtful Dokes would stand up for five rounds.
Frank Bruno	30-1	Newman and Bruno have reportedly swapped phone numbers. Starching Bruno would be an excellent precursor to the Lewis fight.
Larry Holmes	50-1	Almost as sad as Bowe-Foreman, except Holmes might escape with less damage. Newman has already contacted the Holmes camp. But was he serious? ***—Robert Cassidy***

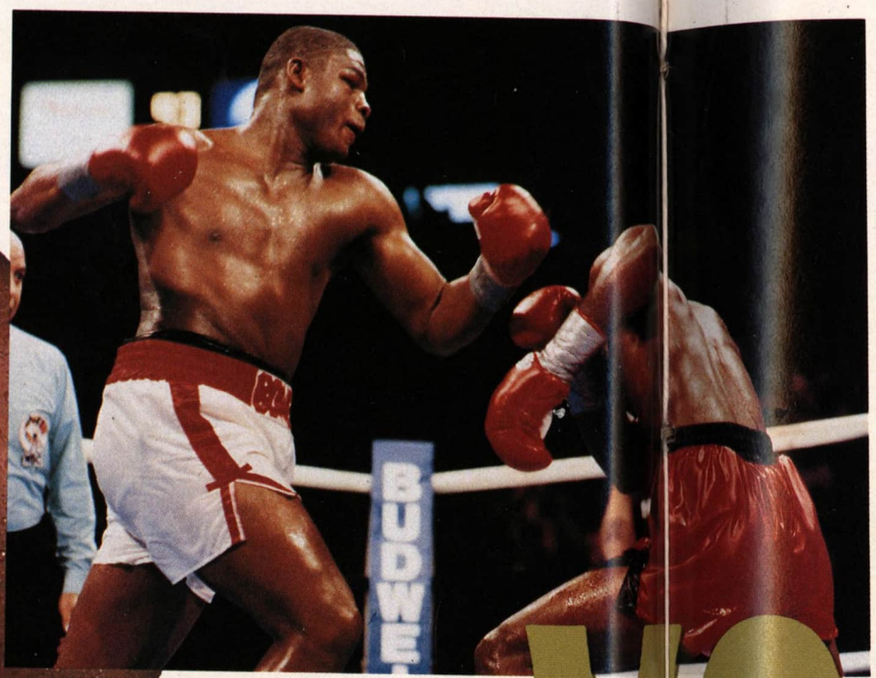
When Holyfield fell in round 11 (left), the outcome was no longer in doubt. The champion, however, courageously finished on his feet.



After overcoming an eighth-round thumbing (above), Bowe flaunted all three belts (left).

Showdown For The World Heavyweight Title





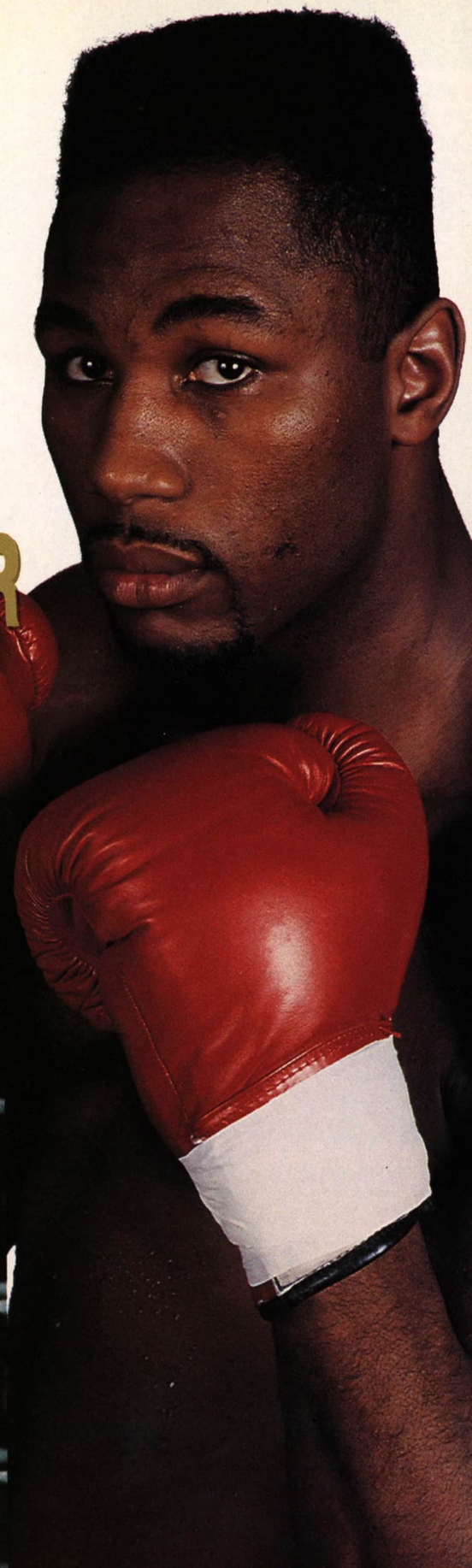
In dethroning Evander Holyfield, Riddick Bowe displayed power, heart, and stamina. At age 25, the newly crowned champion has a limitless future. But until he successfully defends against Olympic rival Lennox Lewis, his status as the baddest man on the planet will remain tenuous. The showdown will occur at some point this year. It will be among the most anticipated fights of the '90s.

CHAMPION RIDDICK BOWE

VS.

CHALLENGER LENNOX LEWIS

Even those who picked Lennox Lewis to upset Razor Ruddock never figured on a short, quick kayo. Downing his dangerous opponent with a right hand toward the end of the first round, Lewis went on to score two more knockdowns, and a shocking stoppage, in the second. The victory elevated him to number-one contender, and established him as the chief threat to Riddick Bowe.



Could This Be A British Success Story?

LENNOX LEWIS WINS "THE FIGHT FOR THE RIGHT" WITH A RIGHT

Lennox Lewis follows through with the right that brought him a giant step closer to the heavyweight title. The British bomber finished Razor Ruddock in two rounds.

By Brian Doogan

"The search is finally over" was the rather pompous proclamation by prolific bleeder Henry Cooper. It lay susceptible to a cynical retort of "I've heard that one before." For the tendency of patriotic Britons to endorse their heavyweights, regardless of merit or, more often, distinct lack thereof, demonstrates commendable loyalty, but also a Never-Never Land sense of reality. Mind you, 93 years in pursuit of an obsession that has remained despairingly remote throughout is suffice to impair even the most sound of men's better judgment.

However, for those who witnessed Lennox Lewis' statement of intent at the expense of Razor Ruddock on Halloween, Cooper's remark bore certain credence. Although it hardly dispelled an entire century of British heavyweight mediocrity, nonachievement, and nonentity, it pointed to a dawn that promised better. At last a viable British heavyweight had emerged who could justifiably declare, "My goal is the heavyweight championship of the world," without prompting you to raise an eyebrow, shake your head, and dismissively down another shot of Smirnoff, before explaining to him the facts of British boxing life.

No, Lewis had proven his authenticity beyond reproach by producing a display more akin to assured assassins than to men fighting under the auspices of the Union Jack. This was quite simply the most significant victory by a British big 'un since Bob Fitzsimmons shocked the more astute "Gentleman Jim" Corbett back in 1897 with a thump to the solar plexus.

The most intoxicating influence was the manner in which this stunning victory was achieved. There was steel and there was style: sharp, probing, powerful punches

Photos By Marc Morris

providing the former, continual lateral movement and a jarring jab the latter. Lewis manufactured a performance of absolute perfection that sank the titanic Ruddock and sparked off a tidal wave of expectancy regardless of whom he was to face for the championship.

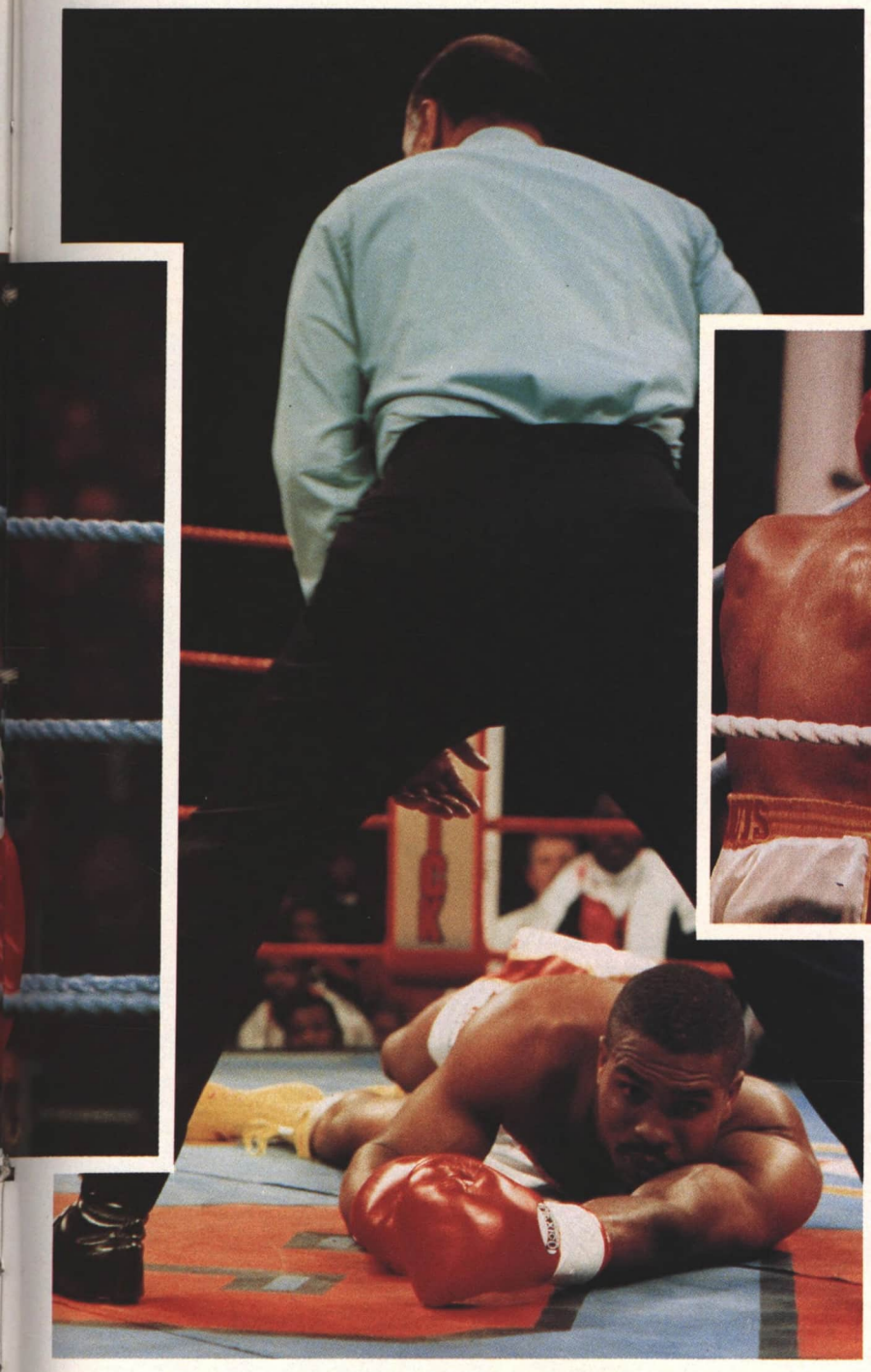
Unfortunately, the result of the Bowe-Holyfield title fight introduced undesirable implications when Rock Newman, Bowe's manager, declared his intention to match the new champion in a lucrative Chinese promotion against George Foreman—or anyone else who might bring a megabuck payday. Should Bowe stray, he will have reneged on the WBC mandate that stipulated that Lewis was to be catered for. Moreover, he will have thwarted the idyllic scenario that had been the whole purpose of the world's four finest heavyweights (outside of prison) squaring off: an attempt to ascertain which of them was the best.

Prior to this mini-tournament being arranged, the consensus of opinion was that Ruddock was the uncrowned champion, and that he would demonstrate his dominance by utilizing that violently lethal hybrid he affectionately refers to as "The Smash" to excruciating effect. He was expected to have little difficulty with the unproven Lewis.

"Lennox has never been hit the way I hit people," Ruddock menacingly professed. "When I hit him, he's going to feel power he's never felt before, and he's going to go down and stay down for a long time."

His words were easily believed, as he had dispatched 20 opponents inside the distance in accumulating a 10-year record of 27-3-1. The most recognizable victim was Michael Dokes, whose head was nearly torn from his shoulders in a crippling display of power-punching. Ruddock's reputation was subsequently cemented by two heroic stands against the mighty Mike Tyson in which he fought without dimension,

With his eyes opened or closed, Lewis couldn't miss (above). Even when the underdog was off-target, he made the Razor meekly cover up (right).



After Lewis struck, Ruddock looked like a baserunner reaching for home plate (left). Once hurt, Ruddock offered little offense, and Lewis loaded up (below).

but displayed a true fighting spirit.

The significance of those two efforts may have been overestimated, for although the first encounter was stopped in controversial circumstances, and Ruddock completed the requisite 12 rounds in the rematch despite sustaining a dislocated jaw, he was, for all intents and purposes, comprehensively overcome on both occasions. Indeed, in Ruddock's own mind, being perceived as the latest "baddest man on the planet" may have lured him into a false sense of security.

"Look, I stood up to Mike Tyson for 19 rounds and took everything he could throw at me, even though in the last fight I was fighting with a broken jaw," he boasted. "What can Lennox Lewis do to me?"

The reality is that Lewis represented a completely different proposition, for he is half-a-foot taller than "Iron Mike," and his reach is longer by almost 10 inches. And Lewis possessed the skill to make those advantages count.

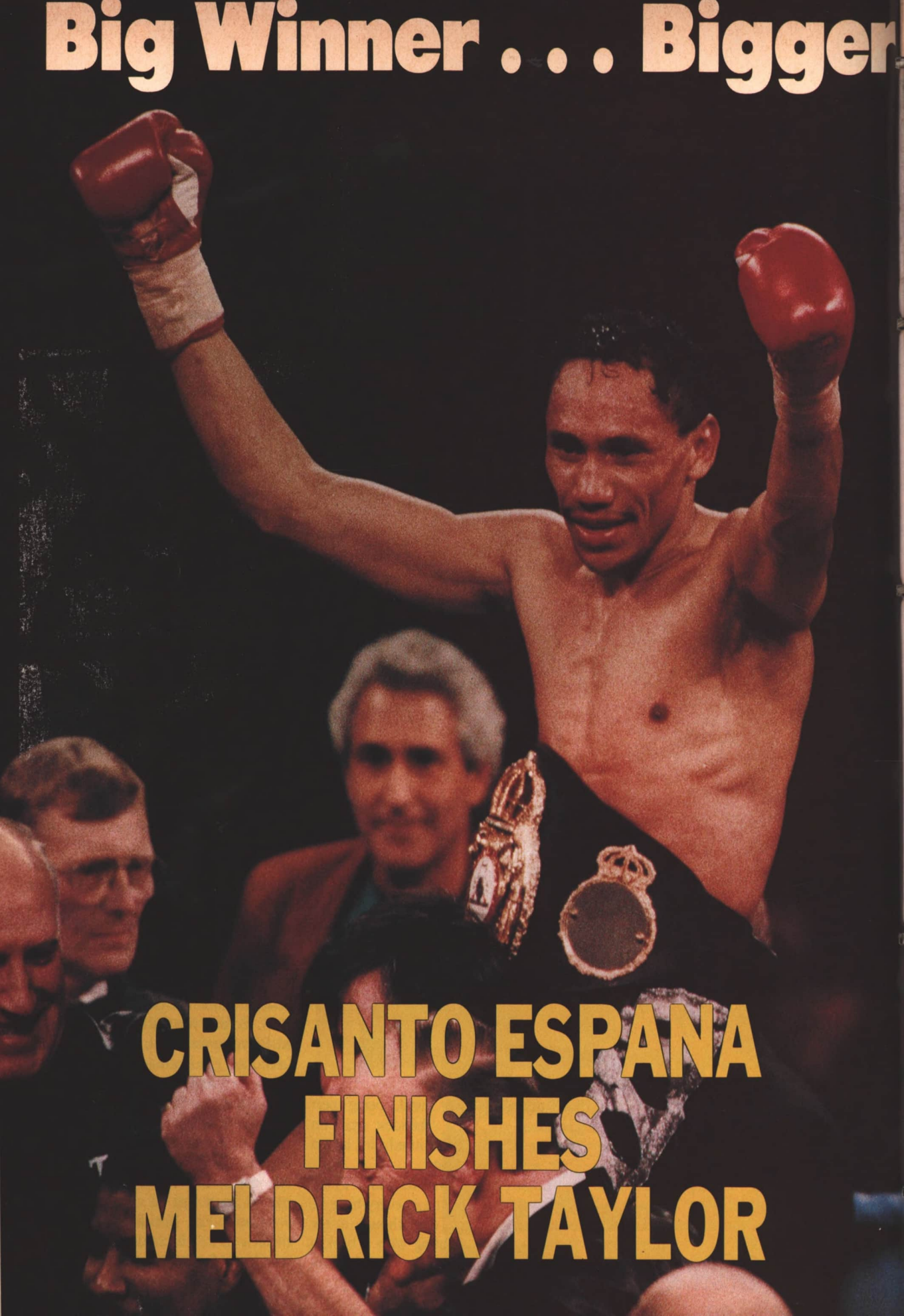
The 27-year-old Londoner was considered the dark horse of the final four, having engaged in a mere 21 pro bouts against a modest standard of opposition since his Olympic triumph in 1988. Boxing for Canada, he had halted Bowe in the final, ensuring an old-fashioned grudge match if the wrangle is resolved and they meet for the title.

But the fact that he competed under the Maple Leaf banner led to controversy. Upon turning professional, Lewis returned to the country of his birth. For some, this constituted taking refuge under a flag of convenience.

"Look, I'm British, and that's all there is to it," he said. "I was born in London's East End, but moved with

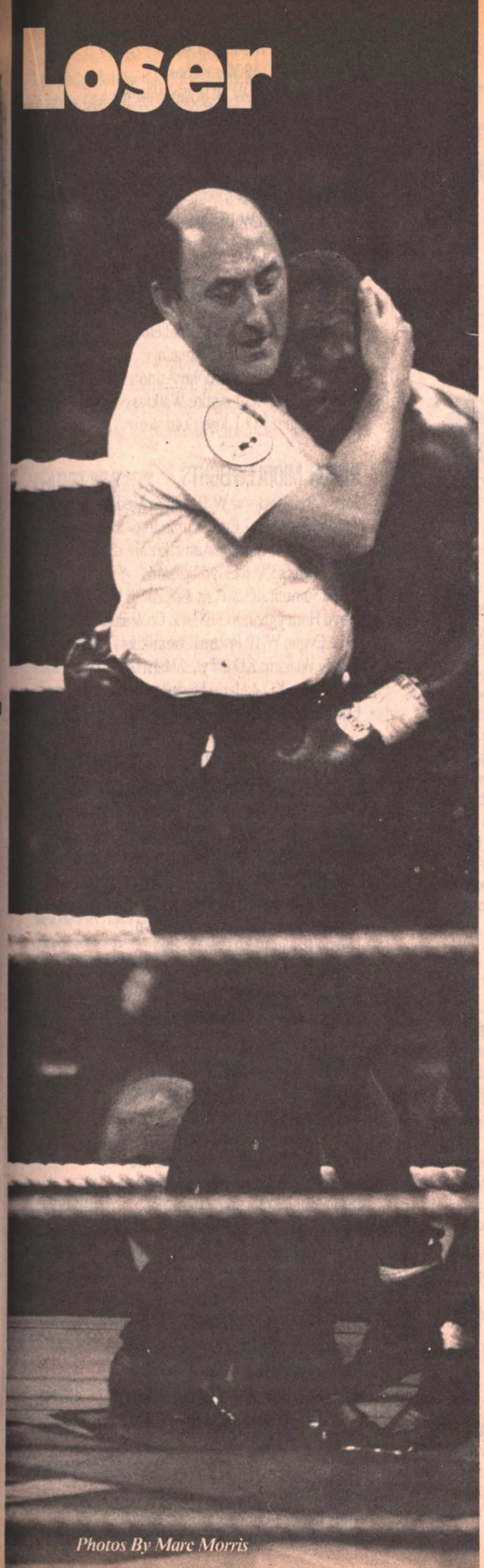
(Continued on page 63)

Big Winner . . . Bigger



CRISANTO ESPANA FINISHES MELDRICK TAYLOR

Loser



Photos By Marc Morris

By Brian Doogan

When Meldrick Taylor finally sits back and reflects on a quite profitable and praiseworthy career, the prevailing suspicion is that he will ponder what might have been rather than derive substantial satisfaction from what actually was. He will consider the imponderables and subsequently reconsider the value of his tangible rewards. And he will rather poignantly conclude that a mere couple of seconds proved the difference between the realization of his potential and the precipitation of his fall.

That two meager seconds could prove such a watershed in a career that has spanned 33 contests seems superficial and farfetched. And for those who reckon the indomitable spirit of Julio Cesar Chavez as the decisive factor in Taylor's demise, it may appear a rather petulant summation. However, the ruthless reality is that but for two final, unyielding seconds on a fateful, dramatic St. Patrick's Day in 1990, Taylor would have handsomely defeated boxing's premier pound-for-pound exponent, and would consequently have made that esteemed title his own. That is a painful psychological scar to endure, and virtually impossible to overcome.

Evidently, it has proven beyond the amicable Philadelphian's capacity, for he succumbed to a second successive devastating defeat when his mandatory challenger, Belfast-based Venezuelan Crisanto "Claws" Espana, proficiently administered a stunning eight-round hiding in the chief support to the Lewis-Ruddock showdown. Although Espana is a fine fighter in his own right, the nature of this loss prompted many to pose the pertinent question: Should Taylor retire? The more perceptive proclaimed he had little alternative.

What Espana clinically exposed was a broken fighter and, in fighting terms, a broken man. Granted, Taylor provided admirable stubborn resistance, and, on occasion, glimpses of a once-reputable arsenal. But in truth, Taylor's moments were scarce.

This in no way is intended to diminish the achievement nor authentic credentials of Espana, for he would have presented a genuine challenge to Taylor at his brilliant best. He has progressed gradually

(Continued on page 66)

Summary

HEAVYWEIGHTS

Riddick Bowe W 12 Evander Holyfield
(Wins World Title)
Lennox Lewis KO 2 Razor Ruddock
Michael Moorer KO 2 Billy Wright
Tony Tucker KO 4 Paul Poirier
Frank Bruno KO 8 Pierre Coetzer
Herbie Hide KO 7 Craig Petersen
Carl Williams KO 3 Jimmy Lee Smith
Jimmy Ellis KO 5 Young Joe Louis
Michael Dokes W 10 Barry Forbes
Corrie Sanders W 10 Johnny Nelson
David Dixon KO 1 Mike Rouse
Pinklon Thomas KO 3 Mike Owens
Pinklon Thomas KO 1 Kevin Nesbeth
Pinklon Thomas KO 1 Frankie Hines
Pinklon Thomas KO 5 Dion Burgess
Axel Schulz W 8 Rickey Parkey
Rodney Wilson W 10 Jesse Torres
Nathaniel Fitch KO 5 Rickey Parkey
K.P. Porter W 10 Leon Spinks
Dannell Nicholson KO 1 Dave Slaughter
Dannell Nicholson W 4 Danny Nieves
Shannon Briggs KO 3 Juan Quintana
Ron Cranmer W 6 Jerry Quarry

CRUISERWEIGHTS

Anaclet Wamba W 12 Andrew Maynard
(Retains WBC Title)
Marcelo Figueroa W 10 Jeff Lampkin
Akim Tafer KO 10 Derek Angol
Tyrone Booze W 12 Ralf Rocchigiani
Jade Scott KO 2 Eddie Curry
Markus Bott KO 5 David Bates
Dave Russell KO 2 Mitieli Navuilawa

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS

Henry Maske KO 2 Frankie Minton
Anthony Hembrick KO 3 Ron Daniels
Anthony Hembrick KO 3 Brent Kosolofski
Fabrice Tiozzo KO 5 Robert Johnson
Guy Waters KO 5 Dino Stewart
Eric Nicoletta KO 5 Angulo Cruz
Jimmy Joseph KO 7 Lotte Mwale
Dariusz Michalczewski W Disq. 2 Steve McCarthy
Ernie Magdaleno W 8 Israel Cole

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS

Tim Littles W 12 John Scully
Frank Nicotra W 10 John Jarvis
Frank Liles KO 12 Merqui Sosa
Darrin Van Horn W 10 Rollin Williams
Vincenzo Nardiello W 8 Mike Peoples
Salvatore DiSalvatore KO 10 Sergei Vladimirov

MIDDLEWEIGHTS

Reggie Johnson W 12 Lamar Parks
(Retains WBA Title)
Sumbu Kalambay W 12 Steve Collins
Gerald McClellan KO 1 Steve Harvey
Thomas Tate W 12 Melvin Wynn
Chris Pyatt KO 5 Adolfo Caballero
Alex Hilton KO 9 Denis Sigouin
Richie Woodhall W 12 John Ashton
Raul Marquez KO 1 Andre Watkins
Raul Marquez KO 1 Jose Gonzalez

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS

John David Jackson W 10 Sergio Medina
Aaron Davis KO 7 Craig Cummings
Vincent Pettway KO 6 Aaron Smith
Troy Waters KO 6 Floyd Williams
Curtis Summit KO 7 Tony Collins
Lloyd Honeyghan KO 6 Carlo Colarusso
Mike Evgen W 10 Roland Commings
Randy Williams KO 2 Tyrell Harris
Jorge Vaca KO 4 Mario Maciel
Eric Holland W 8 William Jones

WELTERWEIGHTS

Crisanto Espana KO 8 Meldrick Taylor
(Wins WBA Title)
Yori Boy Campas KO 7 Oscar Ponce
Stephan Johnson W 10 Anthony Jones
Ludovic Proto W 12 Gary Jacobs
David Gonzalez W 10 Anthony Ivory
Tommy Small KO 4 Charlie Brown
Delroy Bryan W 10 Chris Peters
Fabian Chancalay W 10 Donald Allison
Michel Galarneau W 12 Gaetan Hart
Ariel Chavez KO 4 Roberto Medina

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS

Julio Cesar Chavez KO 3 Bruce Pearson
(Non-Title Bout)
Carlos Gonzalez KO 6 Lorenzo Smith
Kostya Tszyu KO 1 Sammy Fuentes
Felix Trinidad KO 3 Alberto Cortes
Ike Quartey KO 3 Steve Barreras
Valery Kayumba KO 9 David Pierre
Valery Kayumba KO 3 Lindon Mortley
Rodney Moore KO 2 Louie Lomeli
Ricky Meyers W 10 Livingstone Bramble
Andy Holligan W 10 Dwayne Swift
Tony Martin W 10 Oscar Lopez
Paul Dennard KO 5 Vinny Burgese
Jake Rodriguez W 10 Ricky Salazar
Stanley Longstreet W 10 Gilberto Flores
Rodolfo Aguilar W 8 Derrick McGuire

LIGHTWEIGHTS

Tony Lopez KO 11 Joey Gamache
(Wins WBA Title)

Rafael Ruelas KO 10 Jorge Paez
Todd Foster W 10 Kelcie Banks
Leavander Johnson KO 2 Frankie Mitchell
Nazarov Olzubek KO 2 Nopratnoi Vowvorapol
Dingaan Thobela W 8 Tony Foster
Sergei Artemiev W 10 Ray Oliveira
Chad Broussard KO 4 Leon Miller
Kamel Bou-Ali KO 6 Rosemberg Quimbajo
Billy Schwer KO 9 Carl Crook
Michael Ayers KO 4 Scott Brouwer

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS

Azumah Nelson W 12 Calvin Grove
(Retains WBC Title)
Pedro Sanchez No-Decision 1 Idelmar Paisan
Mark Anthony Smith KO 2 Jose Vidal
Neil Haddock KO 6 Michael Armstrong
Javier Pichardo W 10 Bruno Rabanales

FEATHERWEIGHTS

Manuel Medina W 12 Moussa Sangaree
(Retains IBF Title)
Pancho Segura W 10 Louie Espinoza
Tom Johnson W 10 Antonio Hernandez
Miguel Arrozal KO 4 Tomas Valdez
Maurizio Stecca W 8 Frankie Ortiz
Billy Hardy KO 10 Ricky Rayner
Lupe Gutierrez KO 1 Martin Mora
Tiger Ari W 12 Jong Soo Yum
Eun Sik Lee KO 1 Joe Bugtong

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS

Duke McKenzie W 12 Jesse Benavides
Jesus Salud KO 10 Jesus Poll
Rudy Zavala KO 3 Freddy Hernandez
Cesar Soto KO 7 Ray Minus Jr.

BANTAMWEIGHTS

Junior Jones KO 3 Jose Quirino
Dong Chun Lee W 10 Akihiko Okura
Derrick Whiteboy KO 11 Ncedile Siko
Daorung Chuvatana W 10 Agus Ekaraya
Yasuei Yakushiji KO 1 Ruben de la Cruz

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS

Sung Kil Moon W 12 Greg Richardson
(Retains WBC Title)
Marco Antonio Barrera KO 4 Esteban Ayala

FLYWEIGHTS

Yuri Arbachakov W 12 Yun Un Chin
(Retains WBC Title)
Julio Borboa W 10 Al Kotey
Ysaias Zamudio W 10 Jorge Luis Roman
Chatchai Sasakul KO 2 Jonathan Penalosa
Carlos Mercado W 10 Elvis Alvarez

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS

Eric Griffin KO 2 Sebastian Lopez

STRAWWEIGHTS

Hideyuki Ohashi W 12 Jum Hwan Choi
(Wins WBA Title)
Alexander Felix Montiel W Disq. 10 Ismael Rodriguez

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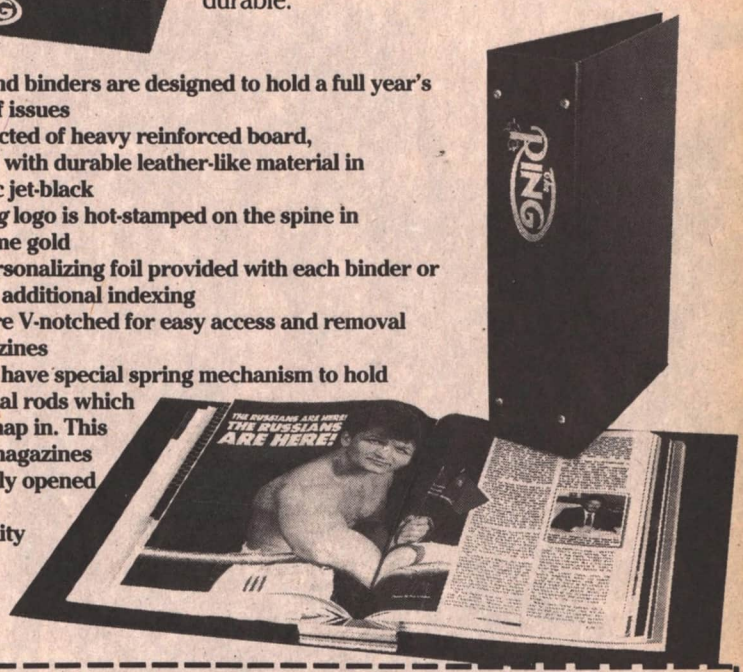

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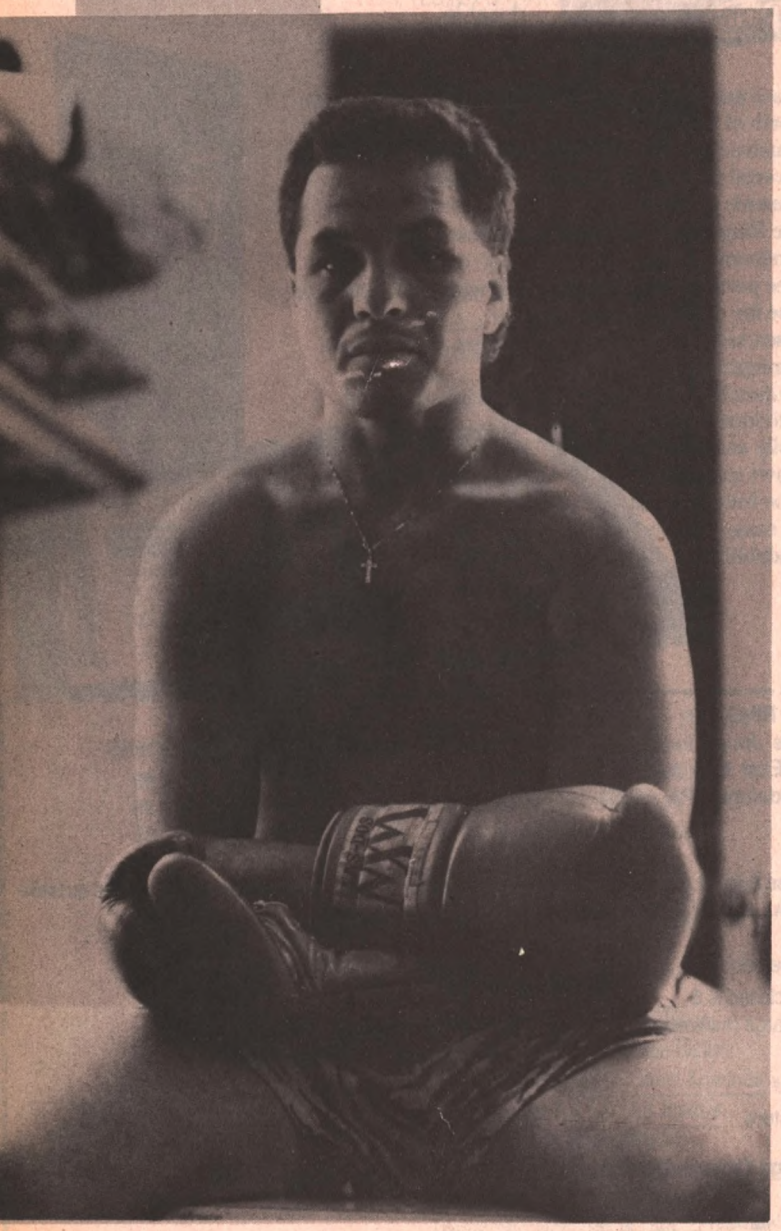
Ringside Reports

FIGHTER OF THE MONTH

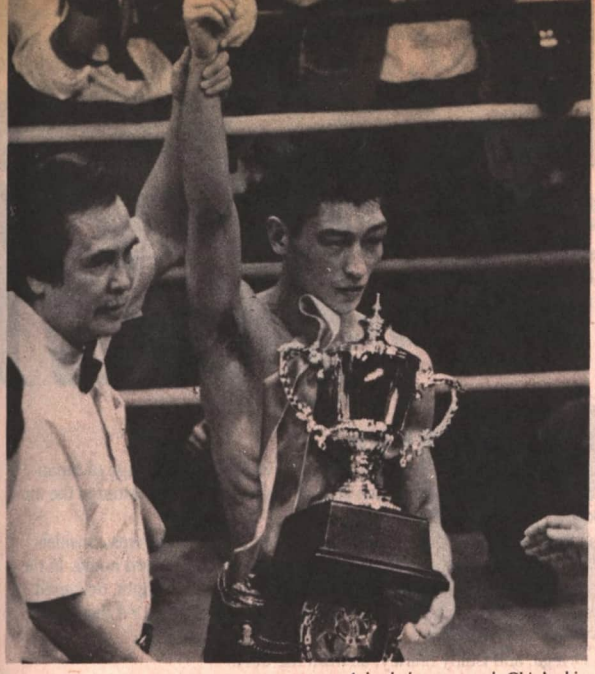


To say that newly crowned WBA lightweight champion Tony Lopez isn't accustomed to winning on the road is like suggesting that Cindy Crawford isn't used to shopping for print blouses at K-Mart. Glance at Lopez' record and you'll find victories in places like Sacramento. And Sacramento. And Sacramento. And an occasional Lake Tahoe. (How'd that get in there?)

What, then, was "Tony The Tiger" doing in Portland, Maine? He was resurrecting his career by dethroning WBA lightweight champion—and hometown hero—Joey Gamache. Maybe Lopez' victory will inspire him to buy a new set of luggage, enroll in frequent flyer programs, and subscribe to Holiday Inn's monthly newsletter.

Knowing Lopez, it's more likely that he'll take the title home and keep it there.

Tony Lopez



Arbachakov exposed Chin's chin

Yuri Arbachakov W 12 Yun Un Chin,

Tokyo, Japan—WBC flyweight champion Arbachakov, 112, who fights in Japan as Yuri Ebihara, dropped South Korean challenger Chin, 112, three times, but still struggled to register a unanimous decision victory at Korakuen Hall. It was Arbachakov's first defense. Scores: Malcolm Bulner (Australia) 117-109, Rafael Cartaya (Venezuela) 117-108, and Jesus Arias Torres (Mexico) 115-113. The referee was Carlos Padilla.

Arbachakov, a devastating right-hand puncher, scored knockdowns in the second, fourth, and seventh rounds. (Ironically, the fight had been posfponed for 15 days after the champion suffered an injury to his right hand.) Chin, 27-1 (18), showed tremendous courage and gameness, and stalked Arbachakov all the way. In fact, from round six on, he seemed in control, pinning the Russian to the ropes and connecting with flurries. The champion, 13-0 (12), finished with a swollen left eye. Arbachakov, however, showed the better footwork and possessed a clear edge in power.

"I wish to defend the title in my native land in the near future," said Arbachakov. There's a good chance that his wish will be granted in 1993.

Promoter: Kyoei Promotions

(10-20-92)

Joe Koizumi

Reggie Johnson W 12 Lamar Parks,

Houston, Texas—This time, the wise guys were wrong. When it was announced that WBA middleweight champion Johnson was going to defend against the top-rated "Kid Fire" Parks, oddsmakers curiously installed the unbeaten challenger as a mild favorite. Lost in their line was the fact that Johnson was far more experienced; that Johnson was a difficult southpaw with a four-inch reach advantage; that the bout would be in Johnson's hometown (at The Summit).

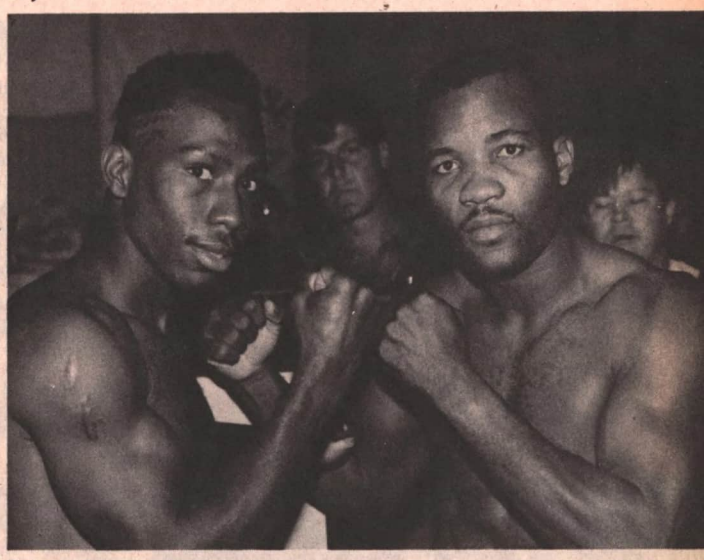
Parks, 159½, Greenville, South Carolina, wasn't easy. The 22-year-old kayo puncher applied steady pressure, and for all 12 rounds seemed a threat to end the bout with a single bomb. But Johnson, 26, opened by boxing and moving masterfully, and never lost control.

Hubert Earle (Canada) scored 116-112, Rafael Ramos (USA) 116-113, and Richard Strange (USA) 115-113, all for Johnson. It was the champion's first defense.

Fighting at his desired distance, Johnson, 32-2-1 (20), annoyed Parks, 22-1 (18), with jabs and scored with lead and counter lefts. The challenger remained patient, perhaps to a fault. He failed to accelerate until the eighth, and even then, landed no more than one punch at a time. His momentum was slowed in the 10th, when a butt, ruled accidental by referee Jerry McKenzie, opened a cut over his left eye. Johnson fought aggressively in the 11th, and then coasted toward the end of the 12th.

The bout was televised by the USA Network.

(10-27-92)



Parks and Johnson before the battle

Azumah Nelson W 12 Calvin Grove,

Stateline, Nevada—Remember those after-shave commercials that concluded with a guy getting slapped in the face and, presumably refreshed, stating, "Thanks, I needed that"? Too bad that ad campaign is long gone; WBC super featherweight champion Nelson would have had the perfect endorsement opportunity.

Figuratively, if not literally, Nelson often needs a slap in the face for motivation. Longtime cornerman Al Braverman, who's been known to scare his fighters into maximum effort, awoke Nelson during his 1988 defense vs. Lupe Suarez by cursing the Ghanian and squeezing his face until Nelson's eyes almost popped out. (Suarez fell less than two rounds later.) In Nelson's bout against former IBF featherweight champion Grove, the slap came from an unlikely source: his opponent.

Nelson's eighth defense came in the Circus Maximus Room at Caesars Lake Tahoe. The 34-year-old champion, 129, started quickly against Grove, 129, Pottstown, Pennsylvania, scoring a flash knockdown with a counter hook about a minute into round one. It might have been the worst thing for him; for the next several rounds, Grove danced, jabbed, and landed the occasional crisp counter right, while Nelson walked in behind a cross-armed defense and missed badly with wild hooks.

"I was going to put pressure on him and take him out in about the sixth," said Nelson, "but when I saw him running, I knew I would have to box and go the distance."

Grove celebrated his success in the eighth, when he dropped his hands, pounded his chest, and screamed at Nelson. The display was a major strategical blunder. Azumah, 36-2-1 (26), responded by starting the rally that led to his victory. Chugging forward in an exaggerated crouch, he disdainfully lowered his guard and began firing. Grove was stunned by a lead hook in the ninth, and a hook-right-hook to the body combination in the 10th. The fatigued challenger rebounded to take the 11th, but Nelson's aggressiveness allowed him to carry the 12th.

After the unanimous decision was announced, Grove, 41-5 (16), screamed, "Whatta I gotta do?" Dave Brown (Canada) scored 115-112, Doug Tucker (USA) 116-111, and Keith MacDonald (USA) 114-113. *The Ring* saw it 114-114.

Afterward, an unimpressed Gabe Ruelas, the WBC's top-rated contender, said, "I'm glad I'm gonna get a chance to kick [Nelson's] ass." Nelson might dismiss the quote as trash talk. But if he views it as a slap in the face . . .

(11-7-92)

Hideyuki Ohashi W 12 Jum Hwan Choi,

Tokyo, Japan—Hard-hitting counterpuncher Ohashi, 105, scored effectively against defending WBA minimumweight champion Choi, 105, weathered the South Korean's furious rallies, and earned a unanimous decision before some 10,000 fans at Kokugikan (the national Sumo arena). It was Choi's fifth defense.

It was a total war, and a much closer fight than the cards indicated. Scoring: Fritz Werner (United States) 117-110, Pinit Prayadsab (Thailand) 118-110, and Silvestre Abainza (Philippines) 116-112. The referee was Stanley Christodoulou.

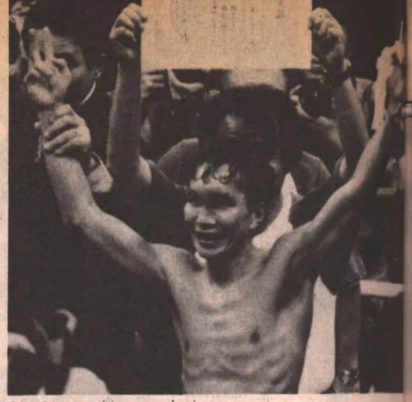
The victory marked the beginning of Ohashi's second reign at this weight. He formerly held the WBC strawweight crown.

Choi, 14-1 (7), fought aggressively from the start, and took the first two rounds. Ohashi, using his familiar peek-aboo style, began to jab and counter with hooks and right uppercuts in the third. Choi regained control in the sev enth, and dominated until the 11th, when Ohashi, 19-4 (12), began a rally that lasted until the final bell.

Promoter: Kyokuto Promotions, in association with Yonekura Promotions

(10-14-92)

Joe Koizumi



Ohashi starts his second reign

Ricardo Lopez KO 2 Rocky Lim,

Tokyo, Japan—WBC strawweight champion Lopez, 104¼, Mexico, scored an impressive stoppage of Japan-based Taiwanese Lim, 104¾, at 1:46 of the second round at Korakuen Hall. A devastating hook flattened the top-rated contender, and referee Marty Denkin stopped the fight without a count.

Lopez-Lim was billed as a battle of unbeaten speedsters, but the difference in punching power was considerable. In the first round, the taller Lopez, 31-0 (22), moved in and out and scored with quick jabs and hooks. In the second, he rocked Lim with a hook, repeated the punch, and then, after leading with a straight right, delivered the kayo punch. Lim, 14-1 (3), crashed with a thud and, for a brief time, seemed unconscious. He left the ring in tears.

The judges were Barbara Perez, Rudy Ortega, and Dalby Shirley, all from the USA.

Promoter: Teiken Promotions

(10-11-92)

Joe Koizumi

Sung Kil Moon W 12 Greg Richardson,

Seoul, South Korea—WBC super flyweight champion Moon, 115, took more than 11 rounds to catch the 34-year-old Richardson, 114¾, Youngstown, Ohio, sent him to the deck twice in the 12th, and kept the crown for the seventh time, by majority decision, before some 5,000 fans at the Olympic Fencing Stadium.

Scoring: Pedro Mendoza (Mexico) 119-108, Kazumasa Kuwata (Japan) 116-110, and Nicholas Hidalgo (Venezuela) 114-114. *The Ring*, which had the bout even after 11 rounds, scored for Moon by 115-112. (It was initially reported that Moon had won by split verdict; Hidalgo's card was corrected after his 12th-round tally was changed from 10-8 to 10-7.)

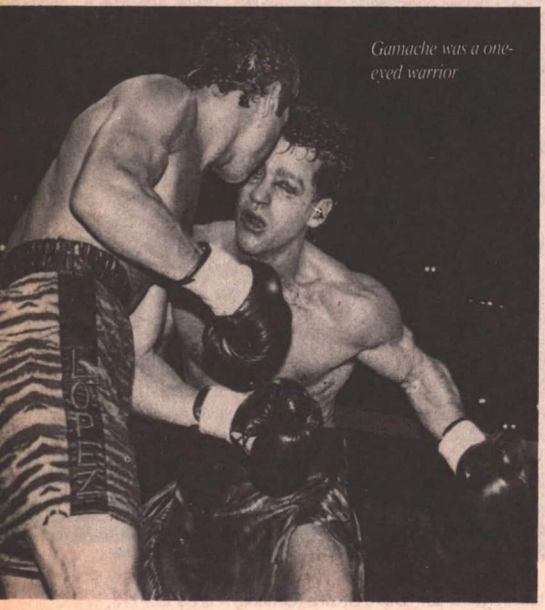
The 34-year-old Richardson, nicknamed "The Flea," hadn't fought since losing the WBC bantamweight title to Joichiro Tatsuyoshi in September 1991. He nonetheless started quickly and took four of the first five rounds by moving in and out and sticking his jab. Moon, 29, concentrated his attack on the challenger's midsection, and by the sixth, Richardson had slowed.

Despite taking three soft blows for every power shot he landed, Moon controlled the exchanges through the ninth. Richardson showed resiliency by answering with several flurries in the 10th. But he again decelerated in the 11th, and was dropped by a hook in the 12th. Richardson beat the count of Mexican referee Guadalupe Garcia, and then was again felled by a Moon flurry. Garcia could have intervened at that point, but he allowed Richardson to continue, and The Flea was saved by the final bell.

Promoter: Camel Promotions

(10-31-92)

Joe Koizumi



Gamache was a one-eyed warrior

Tony Lopez KO 11 Joey Gamache,

Portland, Maine—Two-time junior lightweight titlist Lopez, 134½, Sacramento, California, waged and won a war of attrition in taking hometown hero Gamache's WBA lightweight crown before a national television audience and 8,181 Gamache partisans at the Cumberland County Civic Center.

Through the first seven rounds, Gamache, 135, Lewiston, built a solid lead by outboxing his slower foe. Gamache's hand speed and constant movement frustrated Lopez, and the champion became brave enough to frequently go toe to toe with "Tony The Tiger."

But Lopez' constant pressure took a toll. A second-round nick on Gamache's left brow brought swelling that soon closed the eye, and a mouse under the champion's right eye, rumored to have stemmed from a sparring mishap, grew and finally split open in round eight. Gamache's nose was also bleeding freely by the eighth. It became rather suddenly apparent that Gamache was wilting, and Lopez accelerated his body attack.

The last four rounds saw Gamache desperately struggling to survive, fending off Lopez in the hope of a decision that would favor him. But a Lopez combination at the end of the 10th staggered Gamache, and his title was slipping away even as he woozily made his way to the corner.

Lopez, 30, kept pressing in the 11th, and discovered that Gamache could no longer see his overhand rights coming. Four such bombs hammered Gamache to the canvas, and he labored to rise at the count of eight. But when he could not answer referee James Santa's queries or raise his arms, the bout was stopped at the 40-second mark. At the time of the stoppage, Gamache led by scores of 97-93 (Stu Winston), 96-95 (Julio Roldan), and 95-95 (Albert

"I felt him tiring," said Lopez, 41-3-1 (29), "and then it was just a matter of connecting."

"I have no excuses," said Gamache, 29-1 (18). "I had a big [22-foot] ring, a fight in my hometown, everything in my favor. I should have boxed and used my speed more. I got a little macho."

When asked about a rematch, Lopez smiled and countered, "Oh, definitely. Ask me where."

(10-24-92)

Jay N. Miller ■

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Frank Fletcher

(Continued from page 34)

Fletcher stopped Kronk's Caveman Lee en route to capturing the tournament. The victory was supposed to result in a try at world champion Marvin Hagler. But the fight never materialized. (Nor did the year's supply of Sasson jeans that had been promised to the tournament champion.)

In 1981, Fletcher debuted on network TV, decisioning USBA middleweight titlist Norberto Sabater. He became a staple of NBC's weekend broadcasts, defending the title in four wars before losing it to Wilford Scypion in 1983.

At the mention of Ernie Singletary, another rugged Philly middleweight, Fletcher let out a deep, raspy laugh and fired a right hook into the air. Singletary was, perhaps, his toughest opponent.

"I would have knocked Ernie Singletary out earlier if he didn't thumb me in my right eye in the first round," said Fletcher. "That fight was a war. Every round after the fourth they had to push me out of the corner. There was so much pain on my brain that I was gonna quit. I knew I had the heart to keep going, but my head was telling me no. I don't think a man can get shot and feel the pain I felt when I fought Ernie."

After stopping Singletary in eight rounds, Fletcher was taken to a hospital, where doctors examined his right eye. The procedure seemed routine. There was a little swelling, some blood, and a headache, but it was all supposed to clear up. Fletcher returned to his room at the Sands Hotel and Casino to find a victory party in full swing. Fletcher rarely walked away from a party, but decided to take a nap. When he got out of bed, he collapsed; his brain had begun to swell. He was rushed back to the hospital and was hooked up to an IV until medication reduced the swelling.

"They said if I had gotten to the hospital five minutes later, I'd have died," he said.

Fletcher's TKO of James "Hard Rock" Green was another typically brutal fight. The middleweights frantically swapped bombs in a battle that could have been waged in a phone booth. The fight ended in round six, with a bloodied Green covering up on the ropes.

Fletcher was cut over the left eye and was nearly knocked unconscious in the third round. Afterward, he told reporters, "I smile when I'm hurt. This might seem funny, but I like it more when the pain comes. That gets me going."

***

Fletcher grew up with five brothers, two sisters, and plenty of pain. "From getting all the things I got from my mother as a kid, the pain in boxing never bothered me," he said. "It didn't compare to nothing."

The Fletchers were crammed into a two-bedroom house on 46th Street in Southwest Philadelphia. His mother, Lucille, was a feisty woman who grew up surrounded by boxing. Her brother Dick Turner had been a welterweight contender in 1963, and another brother Roy Turner had been an amateur fighter. Lucille later became a licensed amateur boxing judge in Pennsylvania. When sons Frank, Anthony, and Troy began boxing, she was credited as their teacher.

"As far as someone teaching me how to fight," countered Fletcher, "I learned how to fight in jail."

As Fletcher was streaking to the top of the middleweight division, Lucille latched on and enjoyed the ride. After raising seven children on her own—William Fletcher had left her and the kids after eight years of an off-again, on-again marriage—she seemed entitled to it. A vociferous supporter, Lucille could barely contain herself when Frank fought. *Sports Illustrated* ran a profile in 1983, and she became a boxing cult figure. But the mother-son relationship that made such good copy had been badly misrepresented.

(Continued on page 56)

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Which of the boxers was not a heavyweight champion in the Olympics?

1) George Foreman
2) Henry Tillman
3) Joe Frazier
4) Mike Tyson

He was the only undefeated heavyweight champion

1) Rocky Marciano
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Which man is known as "The Fight Doctor"?

1) Don King
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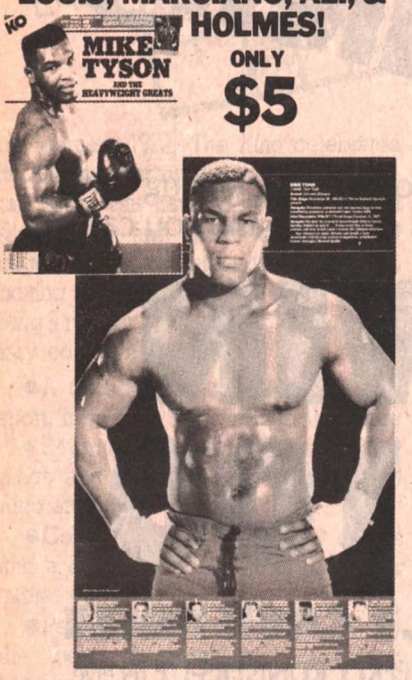

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Frank Fletcher

(Continued from page 54)

There was a son who was quietly resentful over what he felt was a mother who failed to balance punishment with love. There was a mother who lived with the fear that she could lose her son forever to the mean streets of Philadelphia and did everything within her power to keep him in line.

Fletcher said Lucille solved sibling arguments by lacing boxing gloves on the warring parties and sending them to the basement to slug it out. On a night that a teenaged Fletcher came home drunk, an argument ensued. It escalated into a physical confrontation, which ended when Lucille slashed Frank across the nose with a straight-edge razor, leaving a scar that is still very noticeable. Lucille admits to slashing her son, but only after he kicked her down a flight of stairs.

"She used to lock me in the dark cellar after school," said Fletcher. "I was eight years old sitting in the cellar with rats. At seven o'clock she'd call me out of the cellar so I could eat, take a bath, and go to bed."

Lucille denies this, although she was quoted in the 1983 *Sports Illustrated* story as saying, "The only thing that worked [as punishment] was to send him to the dark cellar." Today she says she doesn't recall making such a statement.

Fletcher grew up impervious to physical pain. (As a teenager, he fought grown men and once knocked a man's teeth out *after* being hit in the head with a brick three times.) But the emotional pain has festered in his soul. Fletcher's wanton behavior didn't make parenthood easy, but the lack of love he claims to have received as a child hurts him more than any punch ever has.

"When I was a kid, I was told that I was nothing," said Fletcher, "that I was never going to be anything, that I was going to jail, or I was gonna get put in the graveyard because someone would kill me. When I became Frank 'The Animal' Fletcher, all of a sudden everyone wanted to be my friend. I gave people the times of their life.

"When I went to jail, I found out who was in my corner. My momma wouldn't even accept a collect call from me. One time I told the operator it was a collect call from Frank 'The Animal' Fletcher. My momma answered the phone and said, 'I don't know no Frank "The Animal" Fletcher.'

"I know that when I was a kid, my momma was never there for me. If I talked about this a couple of years ago, you'd have to wait about 15 minutes before I stopped crying. I hated her because of what she did to me. But I've come to love my mother. It's not a thing of getting along with her; I keep my distance. I really don't have anything to say to her."

Lucille is deeply angered by her son's statements. "Did he tell you about the time he held a gun to my mother's head?" she asked. "Frankie wasn't the one who was abused; I was.

"Frankie is telling you a lie," she said, her voice rising steadily. "I'll tell you right now, if he was bad, I beat him. If my other kids were bad, I beat them, too. I have seven other children and I never had these kinds of problems with any one of them. Frankie was never around me that much because he was always in jail. I went from courthouse to courthouse with him. When I got tired of it, I left him with the courts. I told the court to run a complete investigation on me. They did, and they never called me back. Whatever Frankie did, he did it to himself."

***

Most of life's simple pleasures are taken for granted—until they're lost. For most of Frank Fletcher's life, he has watched the leaves turn from green to golden brown behind a tiny window and steel bars. Clear blue skies have been viewed through menacing barbed-wire fences. At Holmesburg State Pris-

(Continued on page 58)

'60s & '70s ISSUES

When Cassius Clay made his pro debut in 1960, *The Ring* was there. When "The Greatest" fought Joe Frazier for the heavyweight title in 1971, *The Ring* was there. Before Carlos Monzon, Jose Napoles, and Roberto Duran made names for themselves, the readers of *The Ring* were already talking about them. *The Ring* covered all the boxing events and personalities of the '60s and '70s as no other magazine could—and now a limited supply of back issues from those two decades are available for $10 each (including postage and handling).

June 1964: Joey Giardello: "I'm Young Again!" Plus: Cassius Clay, Floyd Patterson, Willie Pastrano, Carlos Ortiz.

July 1964: Will Bobo Olson Win Title? Plus: Polo Grounds, Cassius Clay, Willie Pastrano, Sugar Ramos.

Aug. 1964: Who Is Floyd Robertson? Plus: Max Schmeling, Griffith-Rodriguez, Dick Tiger, Olympic preview, Joey Giardello, Sonny Liston.

Sept. 1964: The Perils Of Patterson! Plus: Cleveland Williams, Laszlo Papp, Jose Stable, Carlos Ortiz.

Feb. 1965: Where Do Our Heavies Stand Now? Plus: James J. Braddock, Emile Griffith, Jose Torres, Willie Pastrano, Oscar Bonavena, Eder Jofre.

April 1965: Clay Clamors For White Hopes. Plus: Jack Dempsey, Jess Willard, Patterson-Chuvalo, Carlos Hernandez, Tony Galento, Joe Louis.

July 1965: Jose Torres, Puerto Rico's New Hero. Plus: Clay-Liston II prefight, Gene Tunney, Joey Giardello, Bonavena-Folley, George Chuvalo.

Oct. 1965: Will $$$ Still Lure Wilt? Plus: Jose Torres, Floyd Patterson, Joe Frazier, four ring hopefuls, Billy Conn, Liston-Clay, Flash Elorde.

Nov. 1965: Giardello Title Tenure Over? Plus: History of middleweights, heavyweight situation, Johnny Persol, Luis Rodriguez, Mathis & Frazier's pro debuts.

May 1966: Who Will Tame Dick Tiger? Clay-Terrell preview, James Norris, Emile Griffith, Vicente Saldivar.

Sept. 1966: France Claims Its First Welter Title. Plus: Ernie Terrell, Nino Benvenuti, U.S. vs. Britain.

Jan. 1967: Is Time Running Out On Terrell? Plus: Torres-Tiger preview, long count mystery solved, Carlos Ortiz, Cassius Clay, Zora Folley, Johnny Persol.

March 1967: Why Isn't Clay Fighter Of The Year? Plus: Year-end issue, 2,500 fighters rated, Tiger-Torres, Clay-Terrell, Curtis Cokes.

April 1967: Death Stalks The Tiger. Plus: Cassius Clay, Emile Griffith, Mike Jacobs, Barney Ross, Joe Clark.

May 1967: Cassius Clay: "Louis Clobber Me? He Must Be Joking!" Plus: Frazier-Jones, Floyd Patterson, Carlos Ortiz, Frazier-Mathis preview, Nino Benvenuti.

June 1967: They're Talking Frazier Now!!! Plus: Ali-Folley, Joe Louis, Ismael Laguna, Clay-Ellis?, Joe Gans.

Aug. 1967: Karl Mildenberger: Germany's Second Schmeling? Plus: Nino Benvenuti, Foster-Cotton, Curtis Cokes, Tiger-Torres II, heavyweight analysis.

Dec. 1967: Jack Dempsey Picks Next Heavyweight Champion. Plus: Griffith-Benvenuti II, Joe Frazier, Gans-McGovern controversy, Buster Mathis.

Jan. 1968: Corbett-Dempsey Computer Fight. Plus: Joe Frazier, Jerry Quarry, Jimmy Ellis, Thad Spencer, Vicente Saldivar retires.

Feb. 1968: The Quarry-Spencer Delay—Why? Plus: Bob Foster, Buster Mathis, Rocky Marciano, Jimmy Ellis, Dick Tiger, all-time heavyweight tournament.

April 1968: Spectre Of Clay Haunts Heavy Situation (painting by LeRoy Neiman) Plus: Transcript of Clay trial, Rocky Marciano, Ingemar Johansson, Bob Foster, Jerry Quarry.

May 1968: Quarry Revives White Hope Cry!!! Plus: Frazier-Mathis, Jimmy Ellis, Joe Frazier, Dick Tiger, Bob Foster, Nino Benvenuti.

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Nov. 1969: How Much Has Aging Liston Left? Plus: Ruben Olivares, Tommy Walsh, Battling Levinsky, referees.

May 1975: Ron Lyle: "I Only Lost A Battle, Not The War." Plus: Tiger Flowers, George Foreman, Lyle-Young, Frazier-Ellis, Quarry-Johnson, Johnny Baldwin, Tommy Rose.

Sept. 1977: Norton-Young: Winner To Fight Ali! Plus: Sugar Ray Leonard, Michael and Leon Spinks, John Tate, Palomino-Green, Galindez-Kates II, Wilfredo Gomez, Irish-American fighters.

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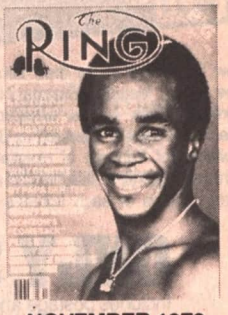
Sept. 1979: Is Holmes Ali's Successor? Plus: Holmes-Weaver, Duran-Palomino, Lopez-Ayala, Coetzee-Spinks, Pintor-Zarate, Tate-Knoetze, Kim-Guisseppi, Lopez-Ayala, Gomez-Hernandez, German greats, Rocky II.



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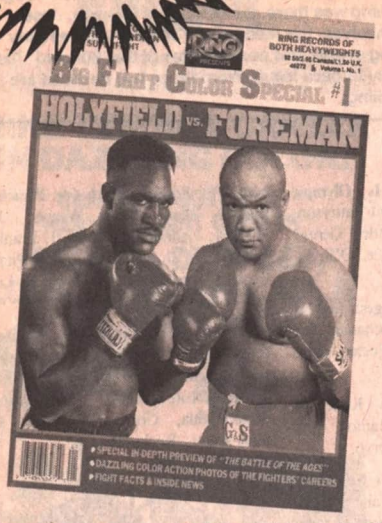

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Frank Fletcher

(Continued from page 56)

on, the sky was all Fletcher could see. He described the place as "a big stone with a lot of sky."

Fletcher initially viewed prison as an escape from his home life. But he couldn't stay out of trouble in jail. He spent time in solitary confinement for threatening a guard, and was stabbed after an altercation with a fellow inmate.

Fletcher's longest prison stay was the 6½ years he recently spent at the State Correctional Facility in Dallas, Pennsylvania. He was released in August after being jailed for shooting one man and hitting another over the head with a hammer. He admits to using the hammer, but says he didn't shoot anyone.

"Frank's crimes are a reflection of what you saw in the ring," said the *Philadelphia Daily News'* Elmer Smith, who covered the boxing beat during Fletcher's prime and is planning a biography on the fighter. "Frank is emotional, volatile. He has an assaultive behavior. He's not involved in economic crimes. He's a victimizer and a victim."

It's been said boxing prolonged the inevitable for former heavyweight champion Mike Tyson, who's serving a six-year sentence for rape. The same could be said of Fletcher. He has been imprisoned on a variety of assault charges, and each time he was released, he'd get into a fight, violate parole, and return to prison. When his boxing career ended, the trouble accelerated.

"Frank's a sweetheart of a guy," said Collins. "He just wasn't able to control his emotion. The only way he knew how to cope with his problems was physically."

Experts will tell you this cycle will continue. Habitual offenders either die in jail or die on the streets. They call it "life on the installment plan." Fletcher will tell you he's different. He may be.

"I like Frank a lot," said Tom Figmik, the superintendent's assistant at Dallas. "But he's easily led. He wants to be wanted. I'm concerned that he's going to fall in with the wrong group. He needs guidance."

***

After being briefed on Fletcher's boxing career, Rev. James Pall, the resident chaplain at Dallas, told the fighter he was "a great man," and invited him to Bible Study. The invitation changed Fletcher's life. At 8:30 p.m. on Sunday, October 27, 1988, Fletcher was transformed from The Animal to a smiling, gentle creature. That day, he says, he accepted Jesus Christ as his savior.

"I was a Muslim back then," said Fletcher. "I didn't know what I know now. But God changed my life. And I'm glad He did because I would be the same crazy person I used to be, jumping on people and shooting people."

The new Fletcher volunteers his time at WPEDC. In addition to the youth in his program, he monitors the activities of his own five children, as well as Anthony's three kids.

"I want the Fletcher family to become a better family to one another," he said.

Fletcher, who averaged $100,000 per fight on NBC, now collects a $102 welfare check every other week. He still owes the IRS more than $40,000 in back taxes. Fletcher blames his manager Marty Feldman, promoter Russell Peltz, and accountant Arnold Weiss for his financial woes, but has never proved them to be responsible.

"He got everything he should have gotten," said Feldman. "Nobody got slighted, nobody owes him a dime. He dissipated all of his money."

Nonetheless, Fletcher insists he feels no animosity toward anyone, and has maintained a friendship with Feldman.

"When I was in jail, Marty took all my collect calls," said Fletcher. "When I wanted a visit, Marty came to see me. And right now, if I called him up and said I needed money, he'd send

me some. I don't hate any of them. I'm just sorry I didn't have an education."

Fletcher is looking for a night job so he can continue to run the Fletcher Foundation. He lives with his younger brother Cantroll, and pays him $50 for room and board. The Mitchells have also financially assisted him.

The end of Fletcher's boxing career was as violent as its peak. He lost three of his last four fights and was stopped by Roldan, John Mugabi, and Curtis Parker. He is proud of his career, but is content to leave it in the past.

"As far as me being the middleweight champion of the world, at one time I wanted it," said Fletcher. "But guess what. I'm glad I didn't. And I ain't mad. I almost became a champion when nobody believed in me. I'm glad I did what people said I'd never do. I always tell people, 'Don't count me out.' Now I'm trying to do something better. We're trying to help people here."

Fletcher needs to help himself, too. And while the odds seem overwhelmingly against him, he has overcome difficult circumstances all his life. He is a man whose vicious ring battles have been paralleled by his personal battles. And after 25 pro fights and 22 years in prison, it seems that Frank "The Animal" Fletcher has finally found peace. ■

Bowe-Holyfield

(Continued from page 39)

uppercut to Holyfield's chin, driving the champion's head upward. As Holyfield turned away, Bowe missed with an overhand right, but connected with a straight left that knocked Holyfield into the ropes. Bowe followed with 36 unanswered punches before Cortez separated the fighters.

But it wasn't over. In fact, the unbelievable hadn't yet occurred. Holyfield, who had seemed on the verge of being knocked out, recovered during the next minute and scored with big right hands, uppercuts, and body shots. Holyfield, on the verge of defeat, had

(Continued on page 60)

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Bowe-Holyfield

(Continued from page 59)

come back to the point where he even captured the round on the card of Giampa.

After a minute's rest, Bowe was ready to resume his attack in the 11th, a round in which he had never yet fought. He stung Holyfield with a hook and an uppercut early. As they neared the ropes, Bowe deftly took a step to the side, leaving the tiring champion exposed and leaning forward over the top strand. Bowe drove a blistering right hand to Holyfield's left ear and dropped the champion.

Bowe landed excellent combinations and maintained his technique and composure throughout the round. As he did so, Holyfield was looking more and more like a beaten man. And yet, despite the spittle and blood oozing from his mouth, the champion went on to win the final round. But it was not enough to salvage victory.

The previously unbeaten Holyfield was every bit as gracious in defeat as he had been in 28 victories.

"I caught [Bowe] with a lot of good shots," he said. "I fought the best I could fight. Did all I could. But everything I tried to do, he did a little better. He was able to throw the shots to make me respect him."

Even behind closed doors, Holyfield remained stoic. No excuses. No complaints. No pointing fingers.

"He was like he always is," Benton said. "Ice water. All he said was, 'That's the way it goes.' He takes things the way they are."

As Holyfield was reacting with class, Rock Newman, the buffoon's buffoon of postfight antics, was attacking an Associated Press photographer. Newman claimed the guy had shoved his wife and hit him.

Newman's pyrotechnics didn't stop there. When asked whether Bowe would make his first defense against the top-rated Lewis, he kept attacking.

"We will look to see what the best deal for Riddick Bowe is," he said. "But we'll take our time and decide. We will *not* be dictated to by anyone. We struggled to get this far, and we're going to continue to do it our way."

Then it was Bowe's turn.

"Shelly Finkel, Butch Lewis," he said, referring to two of those who had turned down the opportunity to handle him, "you bums. You're all fools. You let me slip through. I'm the man. I'm the champ. Ya see what I got here."

Bowe raised the championship belts and laughed a mighty laugh.

As he and Newman left ringside, they encountered Lewis, who was a guest analyst on TVKO's pay-per-view broadcast. Bowe promptly seized the opportunity. He got in Lewis' face and hurled nonstop barbs and threats. Lewis didn't blanch. He just smiled at the champion and called him "Chicken Bowe."

Perhaps the new undisputed heavyweight champion had every right to gloat and act obnoxious. He did for a while, but then became serious.

"The experts picked Evander Holyfield to win," he said. "I proved them wrong. I told you when this fight was over a lot of questions would be answered."

The only question anybody has now is who he'll fight next. ■

Frank Bruno

(Continued from page 25)

Kennedy Airport. Why? Because all the U.S. carriers were too cheap to do it. "The World's Favourite Airline" it calls itself. It's a favourite of mine, and I've never even flown on it.

That, however, is about to change.

It's time to finally make that trip across the pond. Not to fulfill my burning desire of seeing the country's two most famous Ben(n)s, Big and Nigel. No, I've got to go over there and cheer Frank Bruno on to victory, defeat, a draw, the heavyweight championship of the world, the heavyweight championship of South London, or whatever the hell his destiny is.

The British certainly know quality, and if they think Big Frank, at 31 years old, is still worth screaming and hollering about after all these years, that's good enough for me. I know a bandwagon with a low running board when I see one, and this is one to hop right on. It's the one with the "WIDE LOAD" sign on the back and several million people aboard. It just may be the most frightening highway sight this side of Joey Gamache and Vinny Pazienza out for a Sunday drive.

There once was a time when I thought that the Britons were delirious for continually treating Bruno like a

god, and his fights like some sort of religious experiences that allowed beer vending. The obvious assumption of many British fans was that I was just another Irish guy who hated England, but it was never true. I never wrote columns urging England to get out of Ireland, only to get out of boxing. Now I realize that *I'm* the one who's been out of touch, especially about Bruno. How stupid I feel.

I wouldn't say that the British fans and I weren't on the same page when it came to evaluating Bruno's skills. No, it's more like we weren't even in the same library. I saw a guy who went down a lot. They saw a guy who got up a lot. I saw a nice guy who finished last. They saw a nice guy who sometimes lasted and wasn't Finnish. I saw a zero in big fights. They saw a hero in big fights.

How did he rate alongside today's heavyweights or the British big men of the past? That was a mental aerobics class I chose not to take. Here's how I put things into perspective: He didn't even throw the best right hand of any *Bruno* I'd ever seen. Sammartino did. Compact swing. Short trajectory. Boom—Ivan Koloff out colder than a Russian Bear in hibernation.

When I really started to feel dumb about my lack of Brunowledge, though, when I really knew I was wearing my London Fog backward, so to speak, was the day *The Ring* called Eric Armit, of Britain's *Boxing News,* two weeks before the Lennox Lewis-Razor Ruddock showdown, one of the most-anticipated—or so I thought—heavyweight matchups in years.

"Is everybody over there excited about Lewis-Ruddock?" Armit was asked.

"Lewis-Ruddock?" he replied with a chuckle. "*Bruno's* fighting in a couple of days."

Against Pierre Coetzer, no less. Mistake Number One in my underestimation of Brunomania was the assumption that if those kayo losses to Bonecrusher Smith and Tim Witherspoon didn't temper enthusiasm for The Brune in his homeland, then, certainly, that 1989 defeat at the hands of Mike Tyson did. But as I'm discovering, what the Tyson fight did was make Bruno bigger than ever. He was a comic book character all right, but the English were convinced that the character was Superman! (Able to leap low expectations in a single bound?)

Even the most loyal Bruno followers

(Continued on page 62)

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Frank Bruno

(Continued from page 61)

expected that Tyson would crush their countryman in the first 10 seconds. Well, Bruno went down in the first 10 seconds, but he got up, actually wobbled Tyson, and was still standing when Iron Mike was awarded a TKO in round five. The British fans at the Las Vegas Hilton that night, many of them so bleary-eyed and teetering that I thought Tyson had hit *them,* reacted as though they'd just been told that the outcome of the Revolutionary War had been overturned upon discovery that the colonists had ineligible players on their roster. And don't forget, this was a fight crowd that could turn any hotel into Circus Circus.

Bruno celebrated this crowning achievement of his career with some well-deserved R & R. The Tyson fight, after all, had been his first bout in 16 months, and he didn't want to jump right back in the ring and risk burning himself out. Not when he could take off the next 33 months to make personal appearances, do pantomime on stage in London, Bristol, and Nottingham, and film a fistful of commercials for HP Sauce, a delicious blend of herbs and spices that is thicker than Bruno's biceps and takes about as long to get out of the bottle as he does to get away from a punch.

The really inconvenient thing about this Brunomenon is that Bruno is so busy being a boxing star that he barely has time to squeeze in those damn fights.

"I tried to sort myself out after Tyson," he told me. "I had been training for 10 years solidly, and I wanted to rest. I wanted to mature."

Mature? Let's be frank, Frank. Macaulay Culkin would be as mature as George Burns after a layoff *that* long.

Bruno returned in November 1991, with John Emmen as the first victim. His Emmen-ence was toppled in one. Jose Ribalta then exited in two rounds in April. (The Ribalta bout, aired on BBC 1, drew 14.2 million out of a potential 65 million viewers.) Next came Coetzer. Bruno dismantled the South African, dropping him in the eighth round and then pounding him until Coetzer's trainer, Alan towel, literally threw in the Toweel. Or was it the other way around?

Two weeks later, of course, Lewis dulled Razor Ruddock's blades, and England had a real threat to win the heavyweight title. Lewis-Bowe, the fight the British demand! Well, not exactly. The Britons would love to see Lewis attempt the Ruddock-Riddick twofer, but if he dispatches Bowe, Lewis damn well better make his first title defense against Bruno at Wembley Stadium or risk being labeled a Canadian in English leather. For a Bruno-Lewis clash, those in the Bru-know say, the turnstiles would be whirling faster than Kristi Yamaguchi in a sit-spin.

"The gate alone would be $5-million," says Bruno's promoter, Mickey Duff.

"A very, very big fight," adds Harry Mullan, editor of *Boxing News.*

Thus far, Lewis' promoter, Frank Maloney, has been the big spoilsport. He says his fighter won't defend against anyone over the age of 30 for fear of tarnishing his reign. Bruno laughs at the pronouncement and says, "He's giving those indications because it's bargaining time. Ever since Lennox got back here from Canada, he's been shouting that he wants to fight me. I'm ready. One way or another, I'm going to be heavyweight champion."

"I'd fight him and I would win," Lewis says matter-of-factly. "I'll even outweigh his attention one day. But I have to say that I like the man. He's a lovely man. He's worked within his realm as a boxer, and I don't begrudge him his popularity. If he fights anyone but me, *I'll* cheer for him."

As a promoter, Mickey's not sitting on his Duff, so Lewis should be playing cheerleader soon, probably in March. The opponents under consideration are Bert Cooper and those two bad memories, Smith and Witherspoon. Smith, however, is an old 39, and 'Spoon is so faded that he lost to Bigfoot Martin. Ah, what sweet revenge it will be for Bruno and those fanatics of his—uh, *we* fanatics of his—when he transplants Bonecrusher's marrow or bends 'Spoon like a musclebound Yuri Geller.

So stop laughing, ugly Americans. You jest, but Bruno has had plenty of rest, he's got an awfully big heart in that awfully big chest, and he's calling for the best to give him one more test. Didn't Bowe use an eerily similar knockout of Coetzer to spring *him* to the crown? Maybe that's what all those Bruno-it-alls were thinking when 12.6

million of them tuned in to watch the Coetzer bout on BBC 1 on October 17.

"A great audience, especially considering that it was a Saturday night, when most people are out or the women are deciding what the family will watch if they stay home," says Duff. "And it was on at the same time as a very good movie on another channel."

Did anyone stop to consider that maybe the people who *didn't* watch the fight, the viewers who tuned to that very good movie, were curious Lennox Lewis fans who mistakenly thought they were flipping to a documentary about Bruno and his loyalists? I mean, if you lived in England and rooted for Lewis, and you saw that *Die Hard* was scheduled for broadcast, what would *you* think it was about? ■

Lewis-Ruddock

(Continued from page 45)

my mother to Canada when I was 12. I still retained my British passport and identity and actually was picked on by schoolmates because of my Cockney accent. That's really why I started boxing. As I was residing in Canada at the time, I competed for the Canadian team. But when the chance came to turn pro, naturally I decided to my country of origin. My nationality is not an issue."

What was a more relevant issue was the caliber of the opponents that Lewis had encountered, his most significant scalps being Gary Mason, Mike Weaver, and Tyrell Biggs. The suspicion was that Lewis only produced what he had to produce to win. He knew exactly what he was capable of and had nothing to prove to himself. This inner calm and assuredness was quite evident both in the buildup to and during the Ruddock clash.

At the final prefight press conference, Lewis, attired in an immaculate designer suit, possessed a serenity that was infectious, contrasting conspicuously with the agitated, perplexed demeanor of Ruddock. This was detected by Lou Duva, who, as Holyfield's co-manager, had a vested interest in the result.

"Lewis was very cool throughout," he said. "Ruddock, on the other hand, was uptight—noticeably so. You could see it in the way he twitched. I was extremely impressed by Lennox. He might just stop the Razor."

Twelve-thousand partisan supporters produced an atmosphere of absolute electricity at London's famed Earls Court, where, 41 years ago, Randolph Turpin had performed one of the great feats of British boxing by outpointing the great Sugar Ray Robinson. Lewis was quite confident he could repeat that famous night, and was so relaxed in this hour of stern examination that he occupied his day playing checkers and immersing himself in soul music.

His mind still seemed someplace else as he marched dispassionately to the ring, where he was greeted by thunderous applause and approval. He maintained a calm detachment from the euphoria, even when a jibing Ruddock entered the ring bellowing threats in his direction.

Lewis was later asked if he had answered Ruddock. He smugly replied, "Yeah, I knocked him down three times." Then his serious expression broke into that magnetic grin.

"He kept mentioning the past, about what he did to me when we were amateurs," he added, speaking of his 3-2 loss to Ruddock 12 years ago and their frequent sparring sessions, "so I was determined to knock him into the present."

An icy stare was fixed on Ruddock, and Lewis momentarily smiled when the Razor raised his fists in an intimidating fashion, stating, "We finally get it on again." But for all Lewis' tranquility and confidence, the key question remained unanswered: Could he make a historic break with tradition and destroy the mold of the horizontal British heavyweight?

The hyped-up, almost hyperactive Ruddock sustained the first blow to the head, a jab, before bundling Lewis to the bottom ropes in uncouth fashion. Lewis revolved in a clockwise direction, presumably out of the arc of the feared hook-cum uppercut. But he was not running, as many shrewd judges thought advisable. He was instead planting his feet to create a launchpad from which he could land power-packed punches of his own, a tactic designed to earn Ruddock's unequivocal respect.

The full velocity of that power was evident for all when he toppled Ruddock with an overhand right to the temple with eight seconds remaining in the opening round.

"It felt very natural, almost fired like a gunshot," commented Lewis. "I knew I had hit him with a good shot, as his eyes looked enlarged and his legs unsteady."

Lewis immediately followed up when round two resumed, catching Ruddock with a hook and a right that deposited the Razor on his knees in a neutral corner. Ruddock unwisely ascended instantly, failing to make full use of referee Joe Cortez' mandatory eight-count. He bravely made a last-ditch effort to get into the fight, but missed with a hook and right uppercut. Lewis then stepped in with a left-right combination and a short inside hook, and Ruddock collapsed face-down on the canvas.

Cortez picked up a count, but, displaying commendable discretion, waved it over without continuing.

"I could see his eyes had rolled up into his head, and I wanted to get the doctor to him," he explained.

"I wasn't surprised at how quick I won," stated Lewis, who amazingly enough remained the calmest individual this side of the Statue of Liberty. "I believe Razor was more surprised than I was. I went into the ring and was very calm. I could see Ruddock was agitated and nervous. Having watched hours of videotape, I noticed he carried his left hand low, and he's never been in the ring with a heavyweight who throws a natural right hand like me.

"There had been a lot of unanswered questions about me. Well, tonight I answered most of them. We're now going after the heavyweight championship of the world and bringing it back to England."

In sharp contrast to his charge, Pepe Correa, Lewis' trainer, was ebullient.

"Lennox remained nice and easy and kept stepping off," he said. "He didn't allow Ruddock an opportunity to land that left hook we heard all the talk about. He will be the heavyweight champion of the world. He will not be denied because he's British and he's bad!"

A demoralized Ruddock did not have much to say.

"I don't think the two Tyson fights were a factor," he volunteered. "He just caught me cold, that's all. The arena was a bit cold, but we're all warriors. You can't win 'em all. I wish him good luck, and I'd like to see him win the title for me."

Lewis' victory persuaded a lot of skeptics that he has what it takes to

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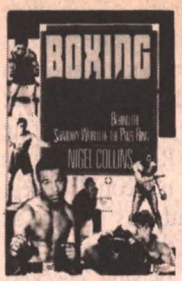

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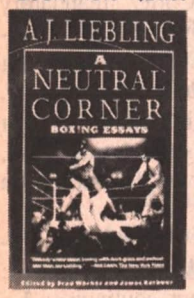

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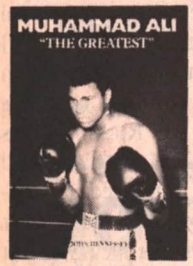

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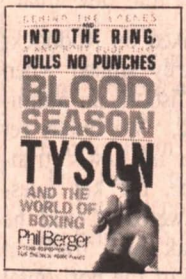

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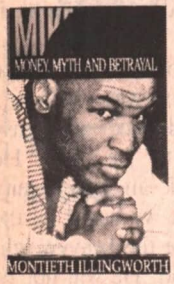

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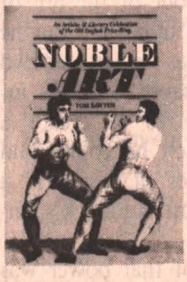

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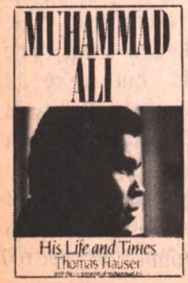

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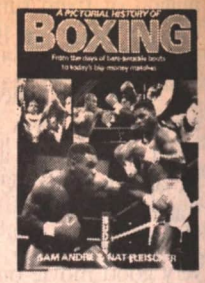

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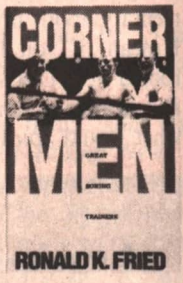

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Lewis-Ruddock

(Continued from page 63)

become champion. The immediate dilemma is that having won "The Fight For The Right," his right may yet be denied by the manipulative maneuverings of Rock Newman. This, naturally enough, has rankled Lewis and his manager, Frank Maloney.

"Bowe is just scared witless," snarled Maloney. "I made an offer of $12-million for Bowe to come to London to defend the title against Lewis. But I'll be honest and say I don't think it will happen."

Lewis protested, "If Bowe was a proper champion and a proper man, he would defend his belts against me. But he knows I beat him once and I'll do it again!"

If Bowe fails to comply with the WBC resolution, then its president, Jose Sulaiman, has stated that the newly crowned champion will be stripped of the belt and Lewis will be installed as titlist on the strength of the Ruddock victory. To see the heavyweight championship splintered again, prompting a return to the confusion of the early-'80s, is almost as abhorrent as Lewis being elevated to champion status without having to win a championship fight. The fault lies not with him, however, and it is to be hoped that better sense prevails.

But at least we now know that a British heavyweight has been unearthed with the ability to lock horns with even the meanest of men. And that, in itself, is almost as welcome as would be Riddick Bowe's acceptance of the Lewis challenge. ■

Brian Doogan is a Ring correspondent based in Northern Ireland.

Tony Lopez

(Continued from page 23)

It was in September 1991 that Lopez lost the IBF junior lightweight title to Brian Mitchell. The defeat was a major disappointment; six months before, he had held the South African to a riveting draw. In the rematch, Lopez punched without passion, and invited dismissal as a former champion who was burned out, or at least uninterested. But he saw no reason for concern.

"It was the weight," he explained. "Before that fight, my walking-around weight was about 153. In training—and this was *before* I stopped eating—I was moving around the ring, just hitting the mitts, and I almost passed out. For 4½ days I ate nothing. Two days before, it was a half-hour in the sauna and 30 seconds out. The same routine for *seven hours*. I was 133¾, and just couldn't get any lower."

After three tries, Lopez scaled the division limit of 130. Immediately after the fight, he announced his rise to lightweight. Two months later, he was unexceptional in stopping South Africa's Ditau Molefyane. Even with undisputed champion Pernell Whitaker preparing to vacate the throne and move up, there was little reason to classify Tony the Tiger as a title threat.

Lopez scored two more insignificant victories before securing a try at Gamache. The bout turned into a 3,000-mile ping pong ball. First it was supposed to take place in Sacramento. Then Portland. Then Sacramento. Then Portland. Then . . .

Blowing his image as a home boy, Lopez was more than willing to travel.

"I didn't care—if you want something, you gotta go get it," he said. "If Joey wanted to stay in Maine, that was fine; he had the belt. I know I fought all those fights in Sacramento. But that was when *I* was champ. If they're gonna pay me $10 to fight in Sacramento and $20 to fight in New York, I'm going to New York."

Lopez received $60,000 to go to Portland. He arrived one week before the fight, and made friends with everyone. Spies in his gym? Terrorists spiking his drinking water? Geeks giving him wrong directions on the roads? It wasn't like that at all.

"This little 12-year-old girl, Naomi Brown, came to the gym with her father," Lopez recalled. "She had real warm eyes, the kind of kid you immediately get attached to. We traded T-shirts and pictures. I even brought her into the ring after the fight. And we've been in contact since."

The hospitality was such that Lopez wasn't sure he was fighting on the road until he climbed into what he described as a 22-foot ring, which figured to benefit his mobile opponent. ("When the ref called us for final instructions, the walk made me tired," he said.) Then the fight began, and Lopez was able to shut out the parti-

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Tony Lopez

(Continued from page 65)

san crowd. Even after falling behind, he stuck to his fight plan, which called for steady pressure and body work.

"Gamache was a little faster than I thought he'd be, even faster than some of the junior lightweights I fought," he said. "But strength? Nothing. Zero."

Before the start of the ninth, Sal Lopez, the challenger's brother and trainer, told him he was losing the fight, and that he had to accelerate. In taking that round, Lopez realized that Gamache was badly fatigued. Moreover, his left eye was swollen shut, and he couldn't react to the Tiger's right hands. Lopez' rally continued in the 10th, and before the 11th, he told Sal, "I'm goin' out and kickin' his ass." He did just that, with a series of right hands that dropped and stopped Gamache at the 40-second mark.

Given that Lopez considered himself a point or two behind, you'd think that the judges would have had Gamache comfortably in front. One of them, Stu Winston, had scored for the champion by 97-93. But Julio Roldan had Gamache ahead by only 96-95, and Albert Wilensky saw it 95-95. Had the fight gone the distance, Lopez would likely have won by split verdict. If a road warrior can't count on getting screwed by the judges, what *can* he count on?

"They were pretty cool," Lopez acknowledged.

Later that night, Lopez celebrated with a fresh lobster dinner. The next morning, he and his modest entourage of seven flew back to Sacramento, where they were greeted by about 75 fans.

"I felt like Dorothy coming home to Kansas in *The Wizard Of Oz*," he said. "Don't get me wrong, Maine was a nice place. But I'm still too young for nice. I still want *wild*."

Which is another way of saying that if his division's contenders want the title, they'd better call their travel agents. We hear there's a brand new I-HOP right near Arco Arena. ■

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Espana-Taylor

(Continued from page 47)

through the rankings, earning the respect of the boxing fraternity, though largely remaining an unknown quantity outside of his native Venezuela and his adopted Irish home. So who is this mystery man? Where does he rate among his welterweight peers? And how exactly does a Venezuelan hombre end up fighting out of Belfast anyway?

It was Irish entrepreneur Barney Eastwood's close association with Panamanian promoter Luis Spada that initially brought him into contact with Espana. Senor Spada suggested Eastwood assess this young, concussive puncher who had gained scant exposure despite registering five crushing kayos spread over a period of three years. Espana had understandably become somewhat disillusioned with the sport and had temporarily shifted his sights to concentrate on marathon running, in which he competed with laudable distinction, clocking a world-class personal best of two hours and 17 minutes. Originating from a poor, agricultural background and a family of 15, Espana's primary motive was fiscal, with the running proving infinitely more lucrative than the boxing had been.

Privately, however, he still harbored aspirations of emulating older brother Ernesto, who had reigned briefly as WBA lightweight titlist in the wake of Roberto Duran's abdication. So when Eastwood extended Espana the opportunity to fulfill his desire, while offering attractive remuneration into the bargain, Crisanto had little hesitation in accepting. The sole, though severe, sacrifice was that he would have to leave his close-knit family in Ciudad Bolivar and voyage into a conspicuously unfamiliar environment. He had only a remote perception of Ireland's location, spoke not a word of English, and had never even heard of a shamrock, fairy, or leprechaun.

"When I arrived in Belfast in 1988, I did not know what to expect. I was still lonely after leaving my family. But Bernardo Checa helped me. He comes from Panama and is the trainer here," explained Espana, who has been enthusiastically learning the language. He is being tutored by a Bangor colleen, Sharon Brannigan, whom Espana married in June 1991.

The polite, cordial, charming Espana soon endeared himself to his new boxing family in Castle Street and created an indelible impression among Irish fight fans who were quick to realize the potential of his ferocious fists. An enduring impact was also made on an initially moderate caliber of opposition, the quality of which progressively increased as Espana's skills developed.

"I have no doubt that we have a definite world champion in waiting," stated promoter Eastwood after Espana auspiciously outpointed the dangerous Luis Santana to acquire the WBC International welterweight title in February 1991.

The quality of Espana's subsequent opposition, however, hardly impressed the likes of Buddy McGirt, Maurice Blocker, Genaro Leon, or Taylor. But the manner in which his opponents were dispatched should have given rise for concern. Nevertheless, disquiet was aired by some who claimed Espana lacked the tools to compete similarly against the elite of the division.

The prefight betting stakes reflected this view, with Taylor installed as the favorite.

Lou Duva, the champion's co-manager, concurred.

"Meldrick has worked extremely hard for three solid months to get into his best shape since the Chavez fight," he said. "You're going to see a return to the style that won him Olympic gold in '84. He'll dazzle Espana with superior footwork and handspeed."

Duva's counterpart disagreed.

"Espana leaves our gym the best-prepared fighter we've ever had," said Eastwood. "Everything has gone right for him in training. He's in a great state of mind, and I'll be absolutely bewildered if he doesn't knock this guy out."

To describe a fighter of Taylor's repute as "this guy" verges on defamatory, but as it happened, Espana obligingly affirmed his manager's prediction.

A decidedly cautious approach was adopted by both fighters during round one. Espana searched for the range

with his efficient jab and negated Taylor's up-on-his-toes tactics by stepping right with him, proving himself quite adept at cutting off the ring.

The stockily built Espana, 147, revealed the depth of his repertoire in the second when, during a vehement exchange along the ropes, he tagged Taylor, 146½, with a decent left, followed by a hard right that forced the champion to immediately give ground. When another straight right penetrated Taylor's defense toward the end of the next round, his legs sagged and his gloves contacted the canvas to keep his balance. Referee John Coyle, who was otherwise faultless, failed to issue a mandatory eight-count, this resulting in Espana issuing a one-two as if to compensate.

"At that stage I realized Espana only had to maintain his composure and the belt would be his," said Eastwood. "His power was proving too much for Taylor, and he was utilizing his height and reach advantages to perfection. The key was to remain composed."

This Espana did, subduing the natural instincts of a puncher by refusing to mindlessly flail away in order to land that single big blow. He stuck rigidly to the strategy that had thus far proven so successful, biding his time and waiting for the appropriate opportunity on which to pounce.

The opportunity came in round six after Taylor had managed a brief resurgence. Espana axe-poled a right hand onto Taylor's jaw that prompted the smaller man to dance a jig so to remain standing. He attempted to hold on, but was caught again with a vicious left-right combination that left him performing an innovative variation of a break dance. That he managed to stay upright is testimony to his fortitude, for he endured 17 unanswered punches following the initial right.

Taylor somehow soldiered through round seven, but clearly the end was near. In the eighth round, Espana delivered a piercing right-left-right combination, which was immediately followed by a blistering right and short hook that sent the Philadelphian crashing to the boards. Hauling himself erect by the count of four, Taylor received the remainder of the count in a standing position. And he was still standing like a true warrior when Coyle made his compassionate, perfectly timed intervention at the 2:11 mark. At the time of the stoppage, Taylor was trapped on the ropes and being systematically dissected by each wounding blow.

Espana, 28-0 (24), was overjoyed in the aftermath of a night he regarded as his destiny.

"I always knew I had what it takes to be world champion," he said. "It means so much to me. I did it for a friend of mine who died two years ago, my family in Venezuela, people from Ireland, and my little boy, only two months old."

"Espana is the finest champion I have ever handled," enthused Eastwood. "He boxed beautifully tonight, and believe me when I say there's a lot more to come. Not to preempt his future plans, but he's afraid of no one in the division, and will, I'm sure, be quite happy to accomodate anyone."

The manner in which Espana unerringly executed his game plan was complimented by Lou Duva.

"Meldrick Taylor lost to a great fighter here tonight," he said. "I wish Espana all the best, and I'm sure he'll be a worthy champ."

Duva went on to declare that he would do whatever was necessary to guarantee that Taylor fight no more.

"It's over," he said.

Though retirement in boxing is under no circumstances an irrevocable condition, it is the only advisable stop for a once-spectacular but now sadly diminished Taylor, 28-3-1 (15). If he needed any convincing following his annihilation by Terry Norris last May, it was provided in uncompromising terms by this brutal defeat. He may derive some degree of solace from the fact that the three men who beat him were either very good or great fighters. But then again, that's no comfort at all to a man who stood on the threshold of immortality, only to be thwarted by two ticks of a clock.■

Brian Doogan is a Ring correspondent based in Northern Ireland.

Rocky Kansas

(Continued from page 29)

years after Kansas had climbed through the ropes for his first professional fight, he was finally allowed to wear the crown. The moment would become a significant footnote in boxing history for two reasons: No one had toiled longer than Kansas before winning the title, and Kansas was the

(Continued on page 70)

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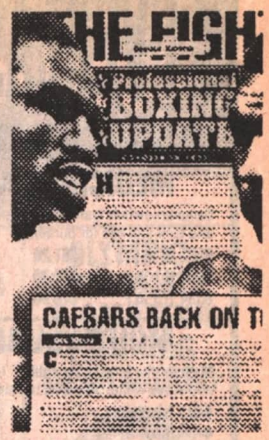

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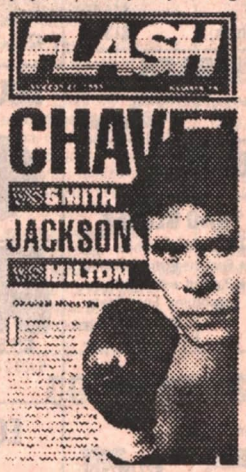

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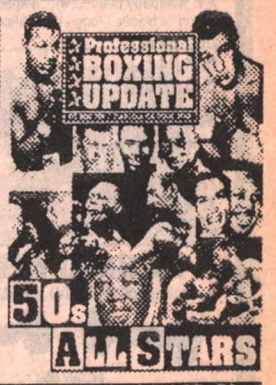

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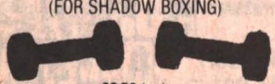

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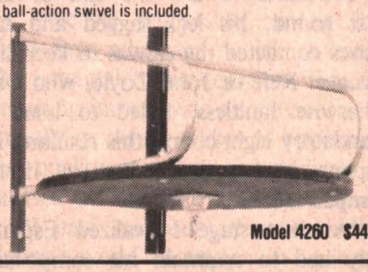

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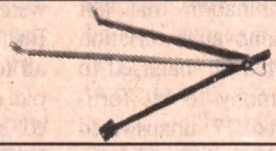

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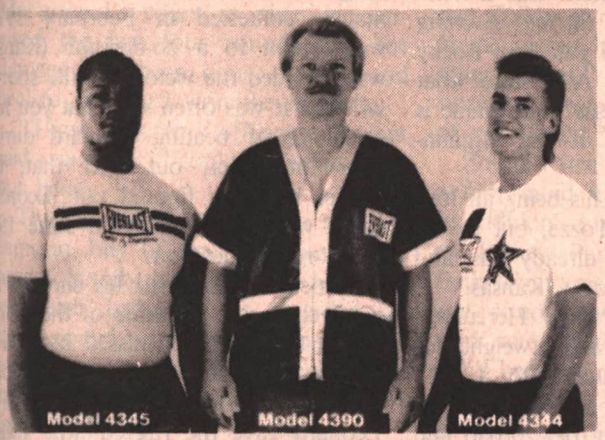

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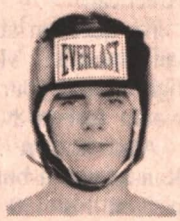

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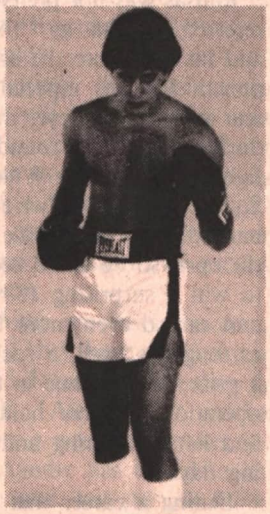

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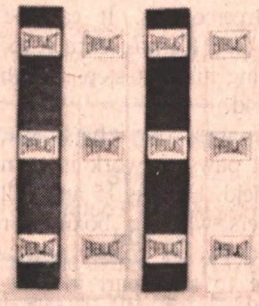

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Rocky Kansas

(Continued from page 67)

first of boxing's Rockys to be crowned champion. Hey, you have to be known for something, right?

Before there was Marciano there was Graziano. And before there was Graziano there was Kansas, a newspaper boy who rose out of the tough streets of Buffalo to claim his prize. But unlike the more popular Rockys, Kansas held on to the crown for less than a year, surrendering it to Sammy Mandell in July 1926.

Upon his death in 1954, Kansas was described as "the first and the best of the Rocky ring fraternity." That might have been a stretch. He was, however, one of the best lightweights of his time and a deserving champion, even if it took him a little while longer than most to get where he wanted to go.

Kansas was born Rocco Tozze to Italian-American parents in April 1895. Like most youngsters in his neighborhood, he passed on an education to earn money, and decided on selling newspapers. Back then, being a newsboy was probably tougher than being a boxer. The boys continually fought each other for territorial rights and prime streetcorners. It can be safely assumed that Kansas learned to use his fists during his first step into the business world.

Kansas was soon able to put those powerful paws to work in a more lucrative field. He was 15 and still hawking papers when a boxing promoter happened by his corner and asked if he'd like to take part in that night's card at the nearby gym. At 25 cents a round, Kansas was sold. He dropped his opponent soon after the opening bell and was given a dollar for his efforts. "I felt I was rich," he later recalled. "Just imagine, I was a newsboy hustling papers, and we didn't make that much all day." Fifteen years later, he received $50,000—or $5,000 per round—to defend the world title against Mandell.

It's not quite clear when Rocco Tozze became Rocky Kansas, but it more than likely happened in 1911, inside a smoke-filled gym in western New York, when a ring announcer took the liberty to proclaim, " . . . And in this corner, Rocky Kansas." The Rocky part is pretty obvious. But how do you get Kansas out of Tozze? You have to admit, though, that it sounds better than, say, Rocky Rhode Island. Incidentally, Rocky never once honored Kansas by fighting inside its borders.

While Rocky never objected to his new moniker, it didn't sit too well at home. In 1925, his mom sent a letter to the editor of the *Buffalo Evening News* that read, "Will you print Rocky Kansas' right name? Also state what nationality he is. Kansas' right name is Rocco Tozze. He is an Italian-American."

No question about his being an Italian-American, Mrs. Tozze, but to the fight world, your son already was, and would forever be, Rocky Kansas.

Also known as "Little Hercules," Kansas was a bull of a lightweight. He packed his 130 pounds into a 5'2" frame. "Kansas is built like a hammered down [Jim] Jeffries, broad and squat and thick, with immense arms and chest and shoulders and thick ribs, like a horse," penned sportswriter Robert Edgren in 1925. "It was entirely useless to hit Rocky in the body. His ribs are as good as armor, and he is so short-bodied that there is almost no chance to get him in the pit of the stomach."

Kansas was not pretty. Some writers referred to him as "the hairy ape," and his face bore the scars of many a punch. He was especially proud of a scar over his left eye, the one received during the third round of his 1923 fight with Charlie White at Madison Square Garden. Twice his eye was banged shut, and twice Rocky had it slit open so he could see. He went on to win a surprising 15-round decision, and earned even more fame for being as tough as, well, a rock. But he paid a price, which came in the form of 17 operations on his hands, ribs, nose, and left ear during and after his boxing days.

During a career that stretched from 1911 to 1926 (he tried a brief comeback in 1932, but lost a six-round decision to Joe Trippe), Kansas compiled a record of 64-12 (34). He was knocked out twice and held to a draw on seven occasions. He also fought in 81 no-decision bouts.

Kansas didn't duck punches or fights. His record included no-decisions with world champions Ad Wolgast and Johnny Kilbane, as well as victories over Johnny Dundee, Lew Tendler, Richie Mitchell, Jack Bernstein, Jimmy Duffy, Willie Jackson, Luis Vicentini, Goodrich, and White, who was using Kansas as a tuneup for a title bout with lightweight champion Benny Leonard.

It was Leonard who was the bane of Rocky's career. The fistic immortal from New York City ruled the division until his first retirement in 1924. He fought Kansas four times. The first match, contested in February 1916, was fought to a no-decision (Kansas was awarded the victory by the sportswriters.) It was often said that you had a chance of beating Leonard during your first bout, but after that, the master had you figured out. Leonard easily won the rematch in June 1921 by 12-round decision.

"Rocky Kansas had his shot at the lightweight championship of the world, and his best efforts missed by a wide margin," read the story in the *National Police Gazette*. "Champion Benny Leonard gave the rugged little Italian scrapper a boxing lesson from start to finish of the mill, captured nine of the dozen rounds by the width of a barn door, and in the final canto had his challenger punch-drunk, with his legs spread apart to keep from falling."

Seven months later, Leonard again put his title on the line, meeting Kansas at Madison Square Garden. At that point in his career, the champion was having trouble making weight and was reported to have been working out just before the weigh-in. Kansas, on the other hand, was in peak condition. He forced all the action, and after the first round sent Leonard back to his corner with a stream of blood flowing from his mouth. Kansas continued to work on Leonard's head, and lost a terrific opportunity in the third round when Leonard managed to barely duck a left hook. "[It] would have been curtains for Benny if it had landed on his jaw," reported the *National Police Gazette*.

As he later found out, a knockout was his only chance at wresting the title. Kansas always maintained that he won his third fight with Leonard in February 1922, and for good reason: He dominated through the middle rounds, stunning the champion with a right to the jaw in the eighth, and punching sharply enough so that Leonard bled from his nose, eyes, and mouth. But Kansas was aware that he was fighting in the champion's hometown, and the New York City fans wanted to see Benny put on a show. In the 11th, they got what they came for. After missing with a hook, Kansas swept the back of his glove across

Leonard's face. The crowd was enraged and wanted a foul. Kansas held up his right hand as if to apologize, and Leonard nodded in acknowledgement. Seconds later, Benny shot a hook to Rocky's chin, and then, in a blink of an eye, landed a cross to the same spot. Kansas crashed to the canvas and stayed there until referee Kid McPartland's count of nine. He survived the last four rounds, but the damage had been done. Bloody and bruised, Leonard won the decision.

"Those New York officials," Kansas said years later, "couldn't see anybody but Benny."

The last go-round between the two came in July of that same year. The result, though the same, was less controversial. Leonard was awarded an eighth-round knockout when Kansas was forced to quit after breaking his arm. Though he never won Leonard's title, Kansas did win his respect.

"Kansas is the most dangerous man I ever fought," Leonard said. "He hits a lot harder than you think he's hitting, and it's almost impossible to hurt him. He's the hardest man to knock down I ever saw."

Leonard retired in 1924, and the door of opportunity again swung open for Kansas. The New York State Athletic Commission held a series of fights to determine the new 135-pound champion, and Goodrich, another Buffalo product, came out on top. For his first defense, he decided to give an old man one last shot. "We'll bowl him over in short order," came the word from the champion's camp.

To Rocky's delight, both Goodrich's reign and his nickname became part of history. ■

Roger Mooney, a frequent contributor to The Ring, is a freelance writer based in Port Charlotte, Florida.

New Faces

(Continued from page 16)

"I'm blessed," said Johnson. "Some day I'm gonna be looking into the air again and saying, 'Hey, Coach [Hayes], we did it again.' "

Zolkin's journey began in December 1989, when he and 11 other Soviet fighters left their homeland for the promise of a professional career in Canada. Their backing quickly fell apart, and most of the Russians returned home. Zolkin, a former national amateur champion who had compiled a record of 165-15, elected to stay.

"It is my dream to be heavyweight champion," he explained. "I give everything for it."

In the fall of 1991, matchmaker Greg Augustine called Johnson, asking if he wanted to use a Russian heavyweight on his local card. The manager met Zolkin at the airport. "The coach in me sensed he was gonna be something special," Johnson recalled. "A closeness developed, and now he's part of my family."

Zolkin's first fight in Columbus was a first-round kayo of George Harris. In addition to topping Tillis, he's beaten Rickey Parkey and Art Tucker. Both trialhorses extended him into the late rounds, with Zolkin's strength and work rate gradually wearing them out.

"When he first came into the gym," said McCauley, "he needed to be built up physically. From day one to now, maybe he's 100, 125 percent better. He'll eventually go about 240 and carry it well."

As Zolkin advances, his handlers are likely to run into a problem—no one is going to want to fight a talented southpaw. As McCauley points out, however, "money buys anything, including opponents." Johnson, who made $8-million for Douglas' ill-fated title defense against Evander Holyfield, is willing to spend.

In the meantime, the Americanization of Zolkin will continue. The fighter's parents (his father is a cabdriver, and his mother works in a factory) and brother still live in Moscow. Zolkin's motivation is to make enough money so he can send for them and provide financial support.

"He and Anna are from the younger generation; they have no desire to go back," said Johnson. "But they do get homesick. Alexandre's mother works 60 hours a week and makes $10 a month. Alexandre has talked to her about coming here, but she still thinks that if she quits her job, she'll go to jail."

It'll be up to her son to convince her that instead, she'll board a plane and fly to Columbus, where the Johnsons and Zolkins will take her to an OSU home game. John will stick a pennant in her hand and a hot dog in her mouth, proudly point to Archie Griffin's Heisman trophies, and share inspirational stories about Coach Hayes.

It might not be the most subtle approach, but hell, it worked on Alexandre. ■

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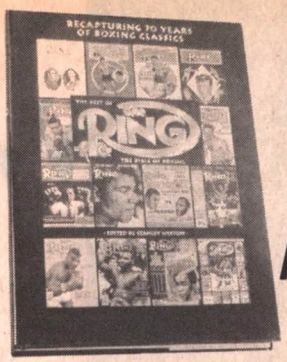

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Worldwide Ratings

WBC
as of September

WBA
as of September

IBF
of October

HEAVYWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Evander Holyfield (USA)	C	C	C
Razor Ruddock (CAN)	1	2	4
Lennox Lewis (GB)	2	3	3
Riddick Bowe (USA)	3	1	1
Tony Tucker (USA)	4	5	9
George Foreman (USA)	5	4	2
Alex Stewart (JAM)	6	6	10
Larry Holmes (USA)	7	-	12
Alex Garcia (USA)	8	7	11
Tommy Morrison (USA)	9	10	8
Ray Mercer (USA)	10	9	7
Pierre Coetzer (SA)	-	8	5
Frank Bruno (GB)	17	-	6

CRUISERWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Anaclet Wamba (FRA)	C	-	-
Bobby Czyz (USA)	-	C	-
Alfred Cole (USA)	-	-	C
Orlin Norris (USA)	1	1	1
Akim Tafer (FRA)	2	2	11
Nate Miller (USA)	3	10	8
Massimiliano Duran (ITA)	4	-	-
Jeff Lampkin (USA)	5	7	-
Arthur Williams (USA)	6	3	4
Dwight Muhammad Qawi (USA)	7	4	-
Dennis Andries (GB)	8	11	-
Richard Mason (USA)	9	-	-
Norbert Eksasi (CAM)	10	8	10
James Warring (USA)	12	5	3
Don Lalonde (CAN)	-	6	-
Uriah Grant (USA)	15	9	2
Marcelo Figueroa (ARG)	14	-	5
Derek Angol (GB)	11	-	6
Jason Waller (USA)	23	-	7
Francois Botha (SA)	-	-	9

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Jeff Harding (AUSTRL)	C	-	-
Virgil Hill (USA)	2	C	-
Charles Williams (USA)	-	-	C
David Vedder (USA)	1	-	-
Frank Tate (USA)	3	3	4
Randall Yonker (USA)	4	8	-
Crawford Ashley (GB)	5	7	-
Henry Maske (GER)	6	1	5
Andrew Maynard (USA)	7	10	-
Anthony Hembrick (USA)	8	-	12
Wan Sub Lee (KOR)	9	6	-
Guy Waters (AUSTRL)	10	-	-
Fabrice Tiozzo (FRA)	15	2	-
Thomas Hearns (USA)	-	4	-
Saul Montana (MEX)	16	5	2
Eric Nicoletta (FRA)	11	9	9
Tim Hillie (USA)	-	11	1
Esteban Pizarro (PR)	-	-	3
Andrea Maggi (ITA)	-	-	6
Robert Folley (USA)	-	-	7
Ernie Magdaleno (USA)	18	-	8
Chris Tiozzo (FRA)	13	-	10

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Mauro Galvano (ITA)	C	-	-
Michael Nunn (USA)	-	C	-
Iran Barkley (USA)	-	-	C
Nigel Benn (GB)	1	3	9
Frank Nicotra (FRA)	2	2	3
Victor Cordoba (PAN)	3	1	5
Henry Wharton (GB)	4	11	8
Merqui Sosa (DR)	5	5	11
Tim Littles (USA)	6	4	2
Darrin Van Horn (USA)	7	-	1
Vincenzo Nardiello (ITA)	8	6	-
Fidel Castro Smith (GB)	9	8	-
Tony Thornton (USA)	10	-	4
Frank Liles (USA)	17	7	-
James Cook (GB)	16	9	-
Mauricio Amaral (BRA)	25	10	-
Mwehu Beya (ITA)	12	-	6
Jean Tsidjo (FRA)	18	-	7
Doug DeWitt (USA)	14	-	10

MIDDLEWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Julian Jackson (VI)	C	-	-
Reggie Johnson (USA)	-	C	-
James Toney (USA)	-	-	C
Sumbu Kalambay (ITA)	1	2	5
Lamar Parks (USA)	2	1	4
Roy Jones (USA)	3	4	2
Bernard Hopkins (USA)	4	6	1
Herol Graham (GB)	5	-	10
Mike McCallum (JAM)	6	7	3
Steve Collins (USA)	7	3	8
Jorge Castro (ARG)	8	9	-
Frederic Seillier (FRA)	9	-	-
Thomas Tate (USA)	10	-	-
Joe Gatti (USA)	16	5	12
Francesco Dell'Aquila (ITA)	14	8	11
Otis Grant (CAN)	12	10	-
Glenn Wolfe (USA)	-	-	6
Percy Harris (USA)	-	-	7
Tyrone Trice (USA)	13	-	9

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Terry Norris (USA)	C	-	-
Vinny Pazienza (USA)	-	C	-
Gianfranco Rosi (ITA)	-	-	C
Simon Brown (USA)	1	7	-
Aaron Davis (USA)	2	2	-
Jean-Claude Fontana (FRA)	3	5	5
Julio Cesar Vasquez (ARG)	4	1	6
Troy Waters (AUSTRL)	5	-	7
Carl Daniels (USA)	6	9	3
Yung Kil Chung (KOR)	7	3	-
William Jones (USA)	8	-	-
Wayne Powell (USA)	9	-	-
Gilbert Dele (FRA)	10	6	1
Hitoshi Kamiyama (JAP)	12	4	12
Vernon Phillips (USA)	-	8	-
Vincent Pettway (USA)	11	10	2
Gilbert Baptist (USA)	-	-	4
Wally Swift (GB)	14	-	8
Lloyd Honeyghan (GB)	17	-	9
Gilberto Barreto (COL)	-	-	10

WELTERWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
James McGirt (USA)	C	-	-
Meldrick Taylor (USA)	-	C	-
Maurice Blocker (USA)	-	-	C
Genaro Leon (MEX)	1	4	8
Santos Cardona (PR)	2	-	-
Crisanto Espana (VEN)	3	1	1
Yori Boy Campas (MEX)	4	6	3
Glenwood Brown (USA)	5	2	-
Vernon Phillips (USA)	6	-	-
Jong Oh Park (KOR)	7	3	-
Ludovic Proto (FRA)	8	7	10
Donovan Boucher (CAN)	9	9	12
Luis Gabriel Garcia (VEN)	10	5	2
Buck Smith (USA)	11	8	5
Anthony Jones (USA)	12	10	11
Kevin Pompey (USA)	18	-	4
Stephan Johnson (USA)	24	-	6
Larry Barnes (USA)	-	-	7
Angel Hernandez (SP)	-	-	9

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Julio Cesar Chavez (MEX)	C	-	-
Morris East (PHIL)	-	C	-
Pernell Whitaker (USA)	-	-	C
Juan M. Coggi (ARG)	1	1	7
Hector Camacho (PR)	2	5	-
Terrence Alli (USA)	3	2	1
Greg Haugen (USA)	4	-	-
Angel Hernandez (PR)	5	11	-
Charles Murray (USA)	6	-	2

Frankie Randall (USA)	7	-	-
Andy Holligan (GB)	8	-	5
Vince Phillips (USA)	9	12	3
Felix Trinidad (PR)	10	-	9
Edwin Rosario (PR)	18	3	-
Valery Kayumba (ZAI)	13	4	11
Ramon Zavala (VEN)	26	6	6
Rodolfo Aguilar (PAN)	-	7	-
Akinobu Hiranaka (JAP)	15	8	-
Donald Stokes (USA)	22	9	-
Loreto Garza (USA)	17	10	-
Rafael Pineda (COL)	12	-	4
Rodney Moore (USA)	11	-	8
William Ruiz (COL)	-	-	10

LIGHTWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Miguel Gonzalez (MEX)	C	-	-
Joey Gamache (USA)	-	C	-
Darryll Tyson (USA)	1	3	6
Sharmba Mitchell (USA)	2	4	9
Tony Lopez (USA)	3	6	7
Rafael Ruelas (USA)	4	9	11
Wilfredo Rocha (COL)	5	-	-
Ramon Marchena (MEX)	6	-	-
Jean Mendy (FRA)	7	7	10
Jorge Paez (MEX)	8	5	3
David Sample (USA)	9	-	-
Kostya Tszyu (CIS)	10	-	-
Dingaan Thobela (SA)	-	1	8
Gussie Nazarov (CIS)	-	2	-
Chil Sung Chun (KOR)	-	8	-
Chad Broussard (USA)	18	10	-
Freddie Pendleton (USA)	16	-	1
Tracy Spann (USA)	12	-	2
Eduardo Molina (COL)	19	-	4
Miguel Julio (COL)	17	-	5

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Azumah Nelson (GHA)	C	-	-
Genaro Hernandez (USA)	-	C	-
John-John Molina (PR)	-	-	C
Gabe Ruelas (USA)	1	2	3
Jeff Fenech (AUSTRL)	2	-	-
Bernard Taylor (USA)	3	10	1
Coco Ramirez (MEX)	4	8	2
Calvin Grove (USA)	5	3	5
Regilio Tuur (HOLL)	6	-	11
Renato Cornett (AUSTRL)	7	9	10
Jimmy Garcia (COL)	8	-	-
Victor Hugo Paz (ARG)	9	-	-
Jacobin Yoma (FRA)	10	12	-
Yuji Watanabe (JAP)	15	1	-
Juan Negron (PR)	20	4	-
Harold Warren (USA)	-	5	-
Jesus Gutierrez (PAN)	-	6	-
Marcos Guevara (VEN)	22	7	-
Orlando Marimon (COL)	-	-	4
Wilson Rodriguez (DR)	-	-	6
Eugene Speed (USA)	12	-	7
November Ntshingila (SA)	-	-	8
Jose Vidal (USA)	11	-	9

FEATHERWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Paul Hodkinson (GB)	C	-	-
Yung Kyun Park (KOR)	-	C	-
Manuel Medina (MEX)	-	-	C
Kevin Kelley (USA)	1	1	2
Ever Beleno (COL)	2	3	6
Goyo Vargas (MEX)	3	-	-
James Leija (USA)	4	7	4
Jose Ramos (DR)	5	-	-
Jemal Hinton (USA)	6	5	-
Tom Johnson (USA)	7	2	1
Miguel Arrozal (PHIL)	8	-	-
Troy Dorsey (USA)	9	-	-
Ricardo Cepeda (USA)	10	-	9
Eloy Rojas (VEN)	-	4	-
Luisito Espinosa (PHIL)	14	6	-
Orlando Soto (PAN)	-	8	3
Giovanni Nieves (VEN)	-	9	-
Tae Shik Chun (KOR)	29	10	-
Louie Espinoza (USA)	12	-	5
Tony Green (USA)	15	-	7
Maurizio Stecca (ITA)	18	-	8
Moises Pedroza (COL)	-	-	10

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Tracy Patterson (USA)	C	-	-
Wilfredo Vasquez (PR)	-	C	-
Welcome Ncita (SA)	-	-	C
Daniel Zaragoza (MEX)	1	-	-
Jesus Salud (USA)	2	7	2
Kennedy McKinney (USA)	3	1	1
Julio Gervacio (DR)	4	-	4
Rudy Zavala (USA)	5	-	-
Luis Mendoza (COL)	6	3	9
Jose Garcia (DR)	7	-	-
Jae Won Choi (KOR)	8	2	-
Thierry Jacob (FRA)	9	8	-
Otilio Gallegos (MEX)	10	-	-
Hiroaki Yokota (JAP)	19	4	-
Freddy Cruz (DR)	15	5	-
Antonio Cermeno (VEN)	-	6	-
Arnullo Romero (PAN)	-	9	-
Juan Rodriguez (COL)	-	10	-
Richard Duran (USA)	23	12	3
Jose Rincones (VEN)	-	-	5
Cesar Polanco (DR)	24	-	6
Ray Minus (BAH)	28	-	7
Luisito Espinosa (PHIL)	-	-	8
Nurhuda (INDO)	-	-	10

BANTAMWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Victor Rabanales (MEX)	C	-	-
Eddie Cook (USA)	-	C	-
Orlando Canizales (USA)	-	-	C
Chang Kyun Oh (KOR)	1	-	-
Junior Jones (USA)	2	2	1
Joichiro Tatsuyoshi (JAP)	3	-	-
Clarence Adams (USA)	4	8	2
Gerardo Martinez (USA)	5	-	8
Eliecer Julio (COL)	6	1	11
Daorung Chuvatana (THAI)	7	3	-
Yong Hoon Lee (KOR)	8	6	-
Vincenzo Belcastro (ITA)	9	-	-
Yasuei Yakushiji (JAP)	10	4	9
Israel Contreras (VEN)	-	5	-
Abraham Torres (VEN)	-	7	6
Samuel Duran (PHIL)	13	9	-
Juvenal Berrio (COL)	-	-	3
Harold Mestre (COL)	27	10	5
Ricardo Vargas (MEX)	19	11	4
Junai Ramayana (INDO)	-	12	7
Javier Leon (MEX)	17	-	10

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Sung Kil Moon (KOR)	C	-	-
Katsuya Onizuka (JAP)	-	C	-
Robert Quiroga (USA)	-	-	C
Greg Richardson (USA)	1	-	-
Joel Luna (MEX)	2	7	1
Thalerngsak Sithbaobay (THAI)	3	2	-
Jose Luis Bueno (MEX)	4	6	6
Armando Salazar (MEX)	5	-	-
Elvis Alvarez (COL)	6	-	-
Armando Castro (MEX)	7	1	8
Josefino Suarez (MEX)	8	-	3
Bernardo Mendoza (CHILE)	9	-	-
Carlos Salazar (ARG)	10	-	-
Kotaro Hayashi (JAP)	20	3	11
Nana Konadu (GHA)	11	4	-
Hyun Chul Lee (KOR)	17	5	-
Jung Il Byun (KOR)	12	8	-
Lamhot Simamora (INDO)	22	9	9
David Marchan (VEN))	-	10	-
Yun Un Chin (KOR)	-	-	2
Carlos Mercado (COL)	19	-	4
Vincenzo Belcastro (ITA)	-	-	5
Samuel Duran (PHIL)	-	-	7
Ole Kiatwonway (THAI)	-	-	10

FLYWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Yuri Arbachakov (CIS)	C	-	-
Aquiles Guzman (VEN)	-	C	-
Rodolfo Blanco (COL)	-	-	C
Isaias Zamudio (USA)	1	-	1
Alberto Jimenez (MEX)	2	-	-
Muangchai Kittikasem (THAI)	3	12	-
Yun Un Chin (KOR)	4	3	-
Al Kotey (GHA)	5	4	6
Francisco Tejedor (COL)	6	-	-
Seung Koo Lee (KOR)	7	11	-
Scotty Olson (CAN)	8	2	2
Antonio Perez (MEX)	9	-	-
Hugo Soto (ARG)	10	-	-
David Griman (VEN)	-	1	-
Alvaro Mercado (COL)	26	5	10
Yong Kang Kim (KOR)	-	6	-
Evangelio Perez (PAN)	-	7	-
Salvator Fanni (ITA)	13	8	8
Hisashi Tokushima (JAP)	18	9	-
Dave McAuley (IRE)	17	10	5
Pichit Sitbangphachan (THAI)	27	-	3
Tongchai Kittikasem (THAI)	-	-	4
Rafael Caban (PR)	-	-	7
Harold Grey (COL)	-	-	9

LIGHT FLYWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Humberto Gonzalez (MEX)	C	-	-
Hiroka Ioka (JAP)	-	C	-
Michael Carbajal (USA)	-	-	C
Melchor Cob Castro (MEX)	1	8	6
Nam Hoon Cha (KOR)	2	4	-
Javier Varguez (MEX)	3	-	8
Leon Salazar (PAN)	4	-	4
Alejandro Montiel (MEX)	5	6	-
Kwang Sun Kim (KOR)	6	9	-
Domingo Sosa (DR)	7	-	-
Shiro Yahiro (Japan)	8	5	9
Jesus Chong (MEX)	9	10	-
Raul Rios (MEX)	10	-	-
Myung Woo Yuh (KOR)	-	1	12
Juan A. Torres (PAN)	12	2	2
Leo Gamez (VEN)	-	3	-
Robinson Cuesta (PAN)	22	7	1
Fahlan Lukmingkwan (THAI)	-	-	3
Azadin Anhar (INDO)	-	-	5
Jesus Zuniga (COL)	-	-	7
Jacob Matlala (SA)	-	-	10

STRAWWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Ricardo Lopez (MEX)	C	-	-
Hi Yong Choi (KOR)	-	C	-
Manny Melchor (PHIL)	-	-	C
Rocky Lim (JAP)	1	6	-
Ala Villamor (PHIL)	2	5	1
Chana Porpaoin (THAI)	3	1	-
Carlos Murillo (PAN)	4	2	2
Hideyuki Ohashi (JAP)	5	3	-
Kwang Soo Oh (KOR)	6	9	-
Rafael Torres (DR)	7	4	3
Sung Woo Lee (KOR)	8	10	-
Andy Tabanas (PHIL)	9	7	12
Aswin Sithlukmuang (THAI)	10	12	-
Phalan Lukmingkwan (THAI)	18	8	-
Felix Naranjo (COL)	-	-	4
Ratanapol Vorapin (THAI)	-	-	5
Alejandro Montiel (MEX)	-	-	6
Carlos Rodriguez (VEN)	22	-	7
Toto Pongswang (THAI)	-	-	8
Alfredo Xeque (MEX)	19	-	9
Marcelino Bolivar (VEN)	24	-	10

RING CLASSIC

A CLOSEUP OF BENNY LYNCH

From The Ring, May 1937

By Euan Wellwood

(Boxing critic to the *Evening Times* of Glasgow)

Picture a good-looking little fellow, 5'3" and bearing no scars of the fight game despite the fact that he has engaged in hundreds of glove contests and innumerable bare-knuckle mills, and you have Benny Lynch of Glasgow, who, by outpointing Small Montana of the Philippine Islands at Wembley, London, established himself as undisputed flyweight champion of the world, the first Scottish-born boxer to achieve such an honor.

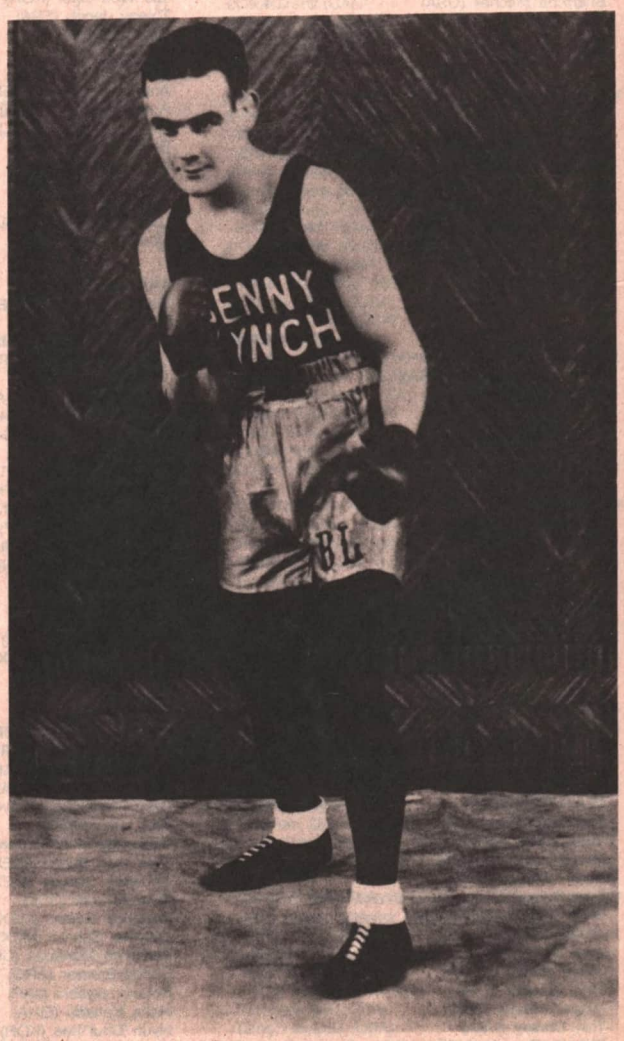
Benny, who boxes under his real name, was born in the heart of a thickly populated industrial section of the Clydeside city famed for its ships and engineers, and he developed the fighting instinct at a very early age. When eight, this precocious ringster started boxing as an amateur, and he boasts that in his first attempt, he won the four-stone (56 pounds) championship of Scotland, a title of which I had never heard, but one to which Lynch lays claim most seriously.

That feat he accomplished at the Hozier Street Gymnasium, Glasgow, at a time when he was a member of the L.M.S. Rovers Club, his first love. He was then tutored by Guy Adams, a veteran who handled many champions in his day. Benny was encouraged in his fistic efforts by an elder brother, and it was the tragic death of the latter that almost caused the permanent disappearance from the ring of a certain future world's champion.

After engaging in 37 fights as a Simon-pure, winning all but two of them, Benny's brother, who always seconded him, died, and Lynch's father ordered the boy to hang up the gloves for all-time. He did comply with that order officially, but unknown to his father, Benny became a professional before he left school.

***

That is a strict reading for what actually happened. For after school hours, Benny and his pals resorted to a coffin-maker's shop near his home, and there he acted as a promoter by collecting a penny per head at the door, after which he entered the decrepit ring and took on all

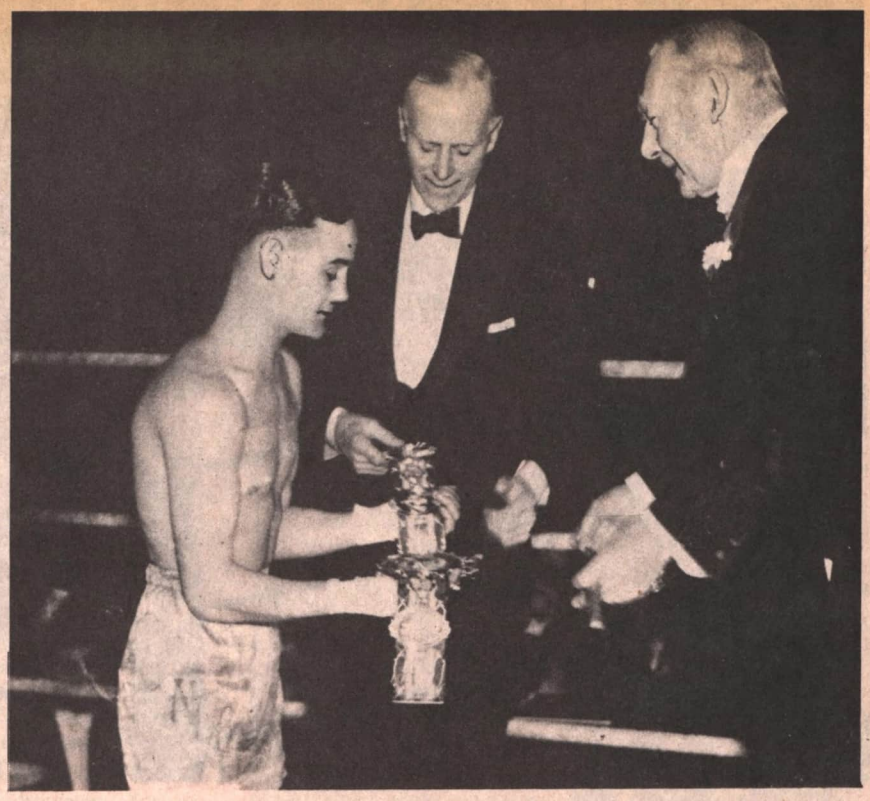


Flyweight Benny Lynch may be the smallest world champion in boxing, but the Scot is undoubtedly one of the best. Now he seeks the bantamweight crown.

comers with the bare 'uns. That was a regular fight arena "after four," when the school terminated for the day, and it was there that Benny learned to take hard wallops and grin in defeat as well as triumph.

It was while seconding one of his closest chums, Paddy Docherty, that Lynch was first introduced into the school, which was ultimately to teach him the finer points of the game. I refer to the Boxing Booth.

Docherty was unable to box one night, and Benny was prevailed upon to take his place. Imagine Lynch's joy when he knocked out his opponent, Young Bruce of Govan, in two rounds. From that day he became a regular performer at Watson's booth in the Saltmarket, his most persistent opponent being one Pat Lee of Patrick, whom Benny fought nine times in succession, winning every time.



September 1936: In Glasgow, Lynch receives the prestigious Lonsdale belt from the Earl of Lonsdale himself.

THE RING RATINGS, *May 1937*

Jimmy Braddock

HEAVYWEIGHTS

World Champ: Jimmy Braddock

1. Max Schmeling
2. Joe Louis
3. Maxie Rosenbloom
4. Andre Lenglet
5. Al Ettore
6. Nathan Mann
7. Eddie Blunt
8. Bob Pastor
9. Bob Nestell
10. Lee Ramage

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS

World Champ: John Henry Lewis

1. Al Gainer
2. Jock McAvoy
3. Leo Kelly
4. Gus Lesnevich
5. Fred Lenhart
6. Carmen Barth
7. Jack Gibbons
8. Allen Matthews
9. Swede Berglund
10. Bud Mignault

MIDDLEWEIGHTS

World Champ: Freddie Steele

1. Teddy Yarosz
2. Ken Overlin
3. Fred Apostoli
4. Lou Brouillard
5. Solly Krieger
6. Babe Risko
7. Kid Tenet
8. Ron Richards
9. Gorilla Jones
10. Walter Woods

WELTERWEIGHTS

World Champ: Barney Ross

1. Jack Carroll
2. Jimmy McLarnin
3. Ceferino Garcia
4. Izzy Jannazzo
5. Fritzie Zivic
6. Cocoa Kid
7. Gustave Eder
8. Saverio Turiello
9. Bobby Pacho
10. Milt Aron

LIGHTWEIGHTS

World Champ: Lou Ambers

1. Pedro Montanez
2. Eddie Cool
3. Enrico Venturi
4. Tony Canzoneri
5. Wesley Ramey
6. Red Guggino
7. Davey Day
8. Aldo Spoldi
9. Billy Beauhold
10. Lew Feldman

FEATHERWEIGHTS

World Champ: Petey Sarron

1. Henry Armstrong
2. Jackie Wilson
3. Freddy Miller
4. Mike Belloise
5. Johnny McGrory
6. Tony Chavez
7. Young Rightmire
8. Dick Corbett
9. Juan Zurita
10. Pete DeGrasse

BANTAMWEIGHTS

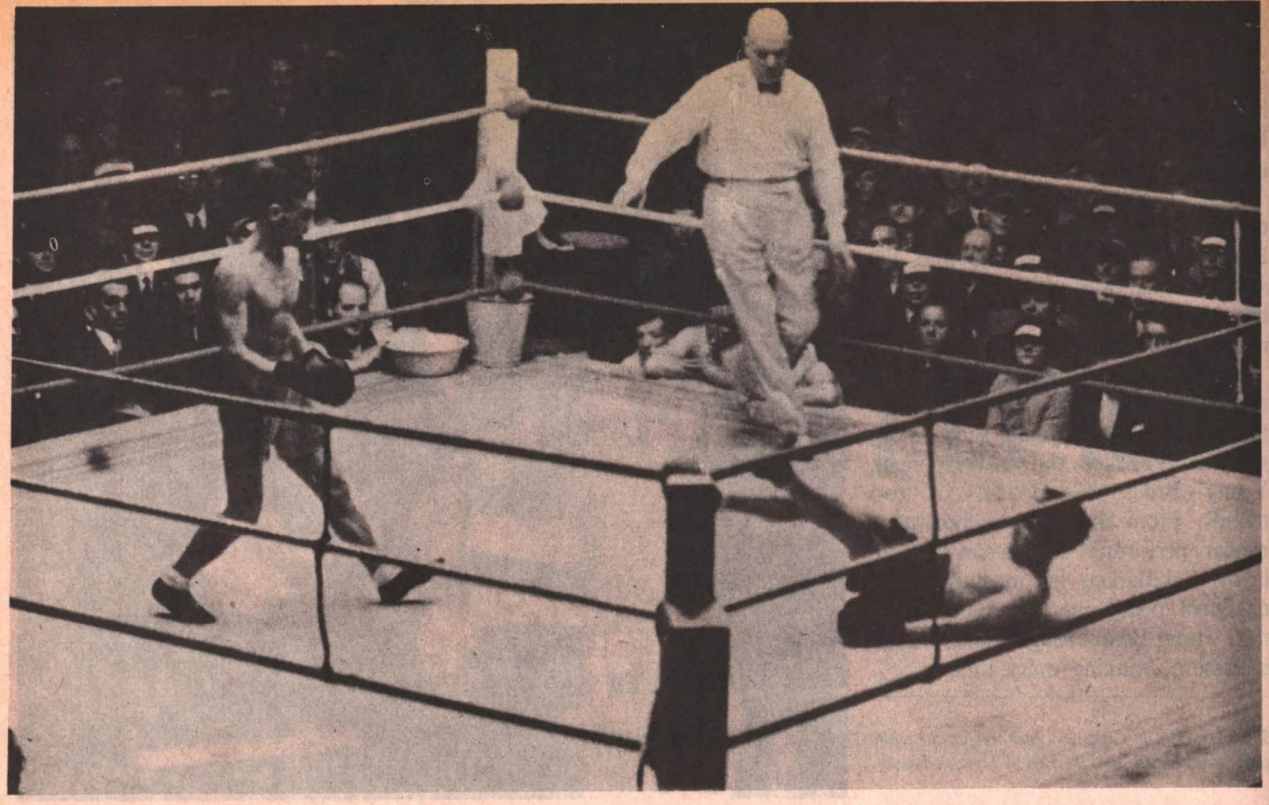
World Champ: Sixto Escobar

1. Harry Jeffra
2. Frankie Martin
3. Indian Quintana
4. Lou Salica
5. K.O. Morgan
6. Baltasar Sangchili
7. Johnny Cusick
8. Bobby Leyvas
9. Aurel Toma
10. Henry Hook

FLYWEIGHTS

World Champ: Benny Lynch

1. Peter Kane
2. Valentin Angelmann
3. Tiny Bostock
4. Small Montana
5. Jim Warnock
6. Pat Palmer
7. Pierre Louis
8. Ernst Weiss
9. Johnny Jurich
10. Tut Whalley



Next came a feud between Benny and his protege of earlier days, Paddy Docherty. Seven times they fought, Lynch winning three, losing two, and the other two ending in draws. The booth fighting had got into Benny's blood, and next we find him boxing in England, at the establishment run by that great Negro middleweight, Len Johnson of Ardwick.

Today Lynch pays full tribute to Johnson for his coaching, and Len was the first man to prophesy that the Glasgow boy would one day wear the world's crown in his division. Three times a week for eight weeks, Lynch was sent against Arthur Burke of Manchester, a bantamweight, the wage condition being that pay was made only to the man who won inside the distance of 15 rounds. Lynch collected every time! Not satisfied with that, Lynch often motored to Sunderland, some miles away, to earn extra money, though sometimes he was balked with the car breaking down halfway to his destination.

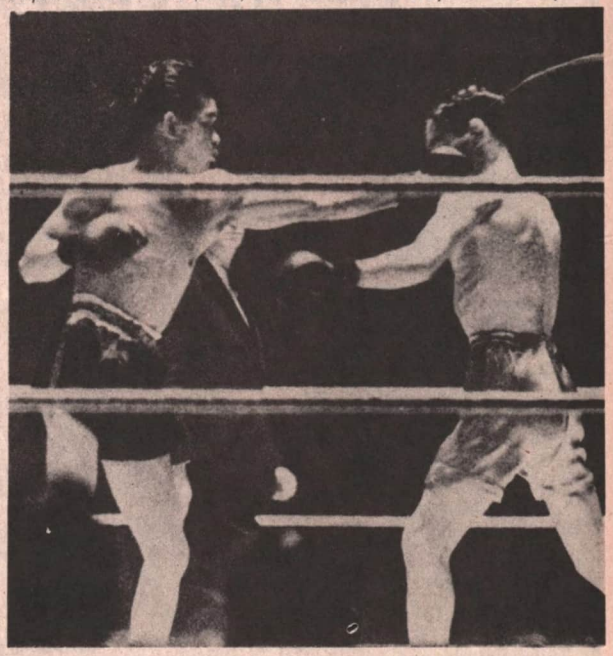
***

Back home from Manchester, Lynch set about winning his native title, and that he duly accomplished at the Olympic Stadium, Glasgow, on May 16, 1934, when he outpointed the holder, Jim Campbell of Glasgow, over 15 rounds. It was a close thing, and when Campbell expressed his dissatisfaction with the verdict, Lynch immediately agreed to give him a second crack at the title.

They met just six weeks later at the same venue, and this time Lynch won on points by a wide margin. Determined to go right after the best men at his weight in Europe, Lynch next beat in turn Carlo Cavagnoli, the Italian champion; Maurice Huguenin, the French crack; Valentin Anglemann, the French champion who had given world's champion Jackie Brown several shocks in their encounters; Pedrito Ruiz, the Spanish champion; and Tut Whalley, the Hanley southpaw.

That year was a busy one for Benny, who won all of his 17 outings. In 1935, he created a sensation by whipping Jackie Brown of Manchester in Glasgow in an over-

In September 1935, Lynch scored 10 knockdowns and destroyed England's Jackie Brown in two rounds (above). In January 1937, the Scot survived the jabs of Filipino Small Montana (below) and won the world 112-pound title on points.



weight match, though the referee declared a draw. That marked the Scot as an outstanding challenger for Brown's titles, and in due course he was asked to tackle Tommy Pardoe of Birmingham for the right to face Brown.

Benny traveled to Birmingham to face Pardoe on his own ground and triumphed in decisive fashion, Pardoe being compelled to retire in the 14th round. After knocking out Charlie Hazel in a round at Glasgow, Lynch got his big chance against Brown at Manchester on September 9, 1935, and in a memorable battle, he floored Brown no fewer than 10 occasions ere the champion flung up his hand in token of submission halfway through the second round.

After dueling for the flyweight crown, Lynch and Montana acknowledge each other's efforts. Only three weeks later, the 23-year-old champion was back in the ring in Glasgow, outscoring Spain's Fortunato Ortega in a non-title bout.

In December of the same year, Lynch beat three formidable antagonists in Gaston Maton of France, Harry Orton of Leicester, and Phil Milligan of Oldham. Disaster came his way in his next time out, however, for at Belfast, on March 11, 1936, he was beaten on points by Jim Warnock, the Irish champion, in an overweight match.

Lynch was suffering from hand injuries at the time and had a rest until May before he entered the ring again. He began by stopping Mickey McGuire, the Newcastle crack, who beat both Jackie Brown and Young Perez of Tunis, in four rounds, and three days later he knocked out Pat Warburton in three rounds at London. Syd Parker lasted nine rounds at Glasgow, where, in September, Benny defended his world's, British, and European titles against Pat Palmer of London.

Fully 30,000 spectators paid for admission that night, and they saw Lynch score a classic win by the knockout route in the eighth round. In November, Benny stopped Phil Milligan in seven rounds at Manchester, and then came the big chance he had long sought—a title fight with Small Montana, the American nominee for his throne.

The fight took place at Wembley before 9,000 spectators on January 19, last, and after a magnificent contest, in which Lynch revealed the skill of a master, the verdict went to Lynch on points. Three weeks later, at Glasgow, Lynch outpointed Fortunato Ortega of Spain over 12 rounds.

He has signed articles to defend his championships against Jimmy Warnock of Belfast on June 2, and if successful then, will take all his titles into the ring against either Peter Kane of Liverpool or Phil Milligan of Oldham in September next, again at Glasgow.

Conqueror of the champions of every country, Lynch is a worthy titleholder. A married man, he has one baby son, whose future welfare is his sole concern. At 23 years of age, Lynch has the world at his feet, and this spectacular little fighter has an ambition to win the world's bantamweight championship from Sixto Escobar of Puerto Rico. He may get his chance this summer, when he expects to go to the United States. ■

THE RING, May 1937

The Cover: Ken Overlin is on the rise. Coming off a points win over fellow contender Fred Apostoli, the skillful Illinois middleweight has become a threat to co-world champions Marcel Thil and Freddie Steele. Overlin's big opportunity figures to come later this year.

Puerto Rico's First: Nat Fleischer, publisher and editor of *The Ring*, reports from Puerto Rico, where he served as a judge in the island's first world title fight, bantamweight king Sixto Escobar's unanimous 15-round decision over Lou Salica. The fight was highly competitive, but the highlight of the show was the reception given to referee Jack Dempsey.

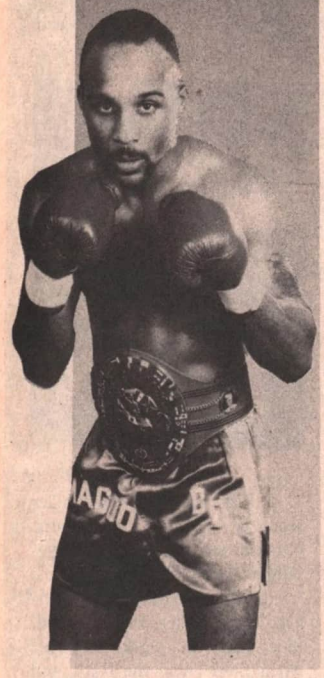
A Winning Duo: Bill Miller writes of one of the ring's most harmonious marriages, middleweight champion Freddie Steele (pictured) and industrious manager Dave Miller. In July 1936, nine years of work paid off when Steele won the NBA and New York State middleweight titles with a 15-round decision over Babe Risko.

Lightweight Classics: Inspired by February's Pedro Montanez-Enrico Venturi classic at Madison Square Garden, Ted Carroll recalls past lightweight brawls in New York City. Among them: Phil McGraw-Stanislaus Loayza, Billy Petrolle-Bat Battalino, Tony Canzoneri-Kid Chocolate (pictured), and Sid Terris-Ruby Goldstein.

New Faces: Meyer Ackerman spotlights some of boxing's hottest prospects, including Pittsburgh middleweight Billy Conn, who showed promise in his December 1936 points victory over tough Fritzie Zivic. Conn's purse: a career-high $2,085, which was described by Ackerman as a "munificent sum."

Looking Ahead

By Steve Farhood



McGirt wants Whitaker

GENARO AND DINERO

Only four days before a scheduled bout against top-rated Mexican Genaro Leon, WBC welterweight champion Buddy McGirt fell out with acute tonsillitis. The postponement of the mandatory defense, which was to be fought on the Holyfield-Bowe undercard, jeopardized McGirt's superfight with unbeaten IBF junior welterweight titlist Pernell Whitaker, penciled in for March 6 at Madison Square Garden.

". . . We want to hold the Whitaker fight together no matter what," said McGirt's manager, Al Certo.

The problem: Leon is rated first, and as such, must be accommodated. Look for him to accept a generous step-aside fee from Madison Square Garden Boxing, as well as a spot on the McGirt-Whitaker undercard, and the March 6 showdown to take place as scheduled.

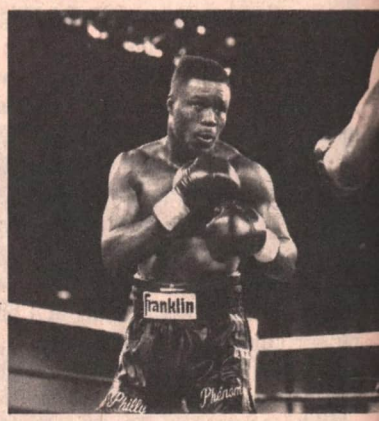
MELDRICK'S FUTURE

After Meldrick Taylor lost the WBA welterweight title to Crisanto Espana *(see page 46),* his co-manager, Lou Duva, was adamant about the former two-division champion's future.

"That's absolutely it," said Capt. Lou. "I don't give a damn if I have to go to every commission. I wouldn't put him in with a four-round kid. It's only a matter of one punch."

But that was Duva talking. What about *Taylor* ?

After being kayoed by Espana, the 26-year-old Philadelphian said only that he needed time to think about his future. As we went to press, he had made no decision—nor had he granted any interviews.

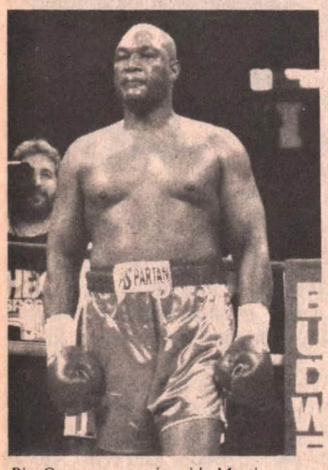


Is Taylor through?

"I don't know what he's gonna do," said Joe Cardona, Taylor's lawyer and adviser. "It's his call. Knowing Mel, he'll do what he wants to do. A 26-year-old—you're gonna be hard-put to impress him with the idea of not fighting again."

Cardona added, "I would go on the record categorically and say he's not washed up. I think Lou made some statements after the fight that should've been reserved."

Our guess: Taylor will come back, maybe even as a junior welterweight.



Big George may mix with Morrison

LISTEN UP

Why You Should Wear Ear Plugs At All Retirement Press Conferences, Part 259: Former junior lightweight champion **Brian Mitchell** is considering a comeback. In his last fight, he neatly outpointed **Tony Lopez** in September 1991. "Tony The Tiger" is the newly crowned WBA lightweight champion, so . . . Having suffered stoppage losses to **Riddick Bowe** and **Frank Bruno**, South African heavyweight **Pierre Coetzer** apparently qualifies for a bout with **George Foreman**. Look for Foreman-Coetzer on HBO in January, with **Tommy Morrison-Carl "The Truth" Williams** on the same card. If Foreman and Morrison both win, they will likely clash in the spring. But if Bowe opts to make his first defense against Big George, forget Foreman-Morrison altogether. ■

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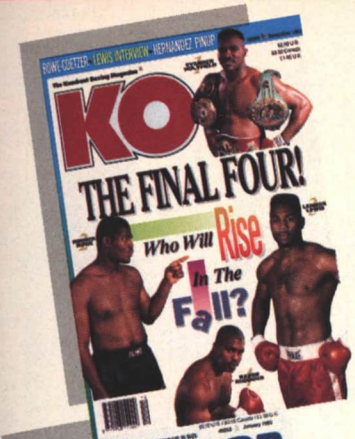

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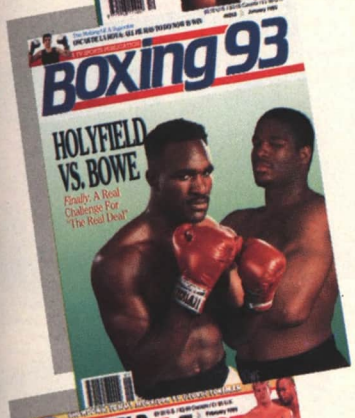

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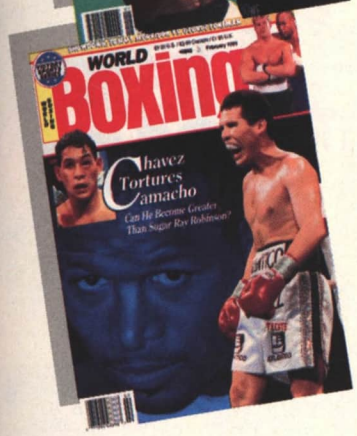

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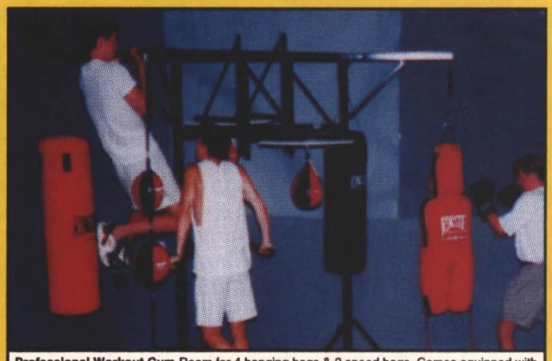

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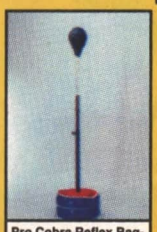

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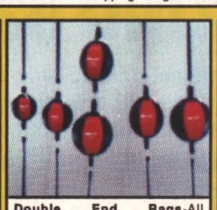

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